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of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Wonder and Literature

THE years that have passed since the outbreak of the World War have fairly well confounded the prophets who at its onset saw signs of the dawn of a glorious day for literature upon the bloody horizon. There has been no masterpiece to emerge from the struggle, no evidence that upon it is to follow such a quickening of temper and achievement as was born of the French Revolution. As yet hardly more has accrued to letters from the conflict than an enhanced earnestness and a widespread instinct to wonder.

Yet earnestness and an instinct to wonder are themselves happy auguries for literature. They are insurance against supine acceptance of things as they are, against smugness, against sentimentality, against cocksureness. The Philistines may infest the land yet will they not be all powerful so long as curiosity is awake and a questioning attitude of mind prevails.

* * *

In an essay published a good many years ago which since has been reprinted, and which deserves many readers, Theodore Watts Dunton directed attention to the fact that wonder exerted an invigorating effect upon poetry, remarking that it was when wonder acted as a challenge to thought that the romantic temper came to the fore and poetry took on range and nobility. Curiosity, serving as a flip to imagination, and releasing fancy to rove, carried it to fresh triumphs of speculation and emotion. Such new breath has swept through literature time and again in the history of the world, and filled it with gusto and robustness. It is painfully stirring now.

In early ages wonder, however, sprang not as today from contemplation of the triumph of man over his universe or of his pitiful inadequacy in face of it, but from a naïve impressionability that held an open mind to the monstrous and the fantastic. Wonder was then credulous and childlike, but it stirred life and such literary expression as existed to zest and freshness. What these fears and fancies of a primitive time did for a youthful day the great wave of discovery and exploration, inflaming men's imaginations with a pricking wonder as to what lay over the rim of the familiar world, wrought for a later period. And again of the stimulus of wonder a splendid literature was born.

* * *

It is one of the misfortunes of such an age as our own that wonder to a certain extent has been swamped by the very prevalence of the wonderful. Since voices speak to us from the void, since Icarus has taken wings unto himself, and the depths of the sea have yielded up their secrets, the miraculous has lost its thrill and all too soon become the commonplace. The marvels of science scarce move us now; nothing surprises us, not even that wonders never cease. We walk our days, and only in some sudden moment of revelation, enduring for but an instant of pause from the surging tide of duty and routine, does the wonder of the universe flood our senses. Only man, and the mystery of his destiny, still constantly puzzle and arouse.

The war, if it did anything besides slay its millions, surely intensified the wonder of humanity at its kind. In its vast holocaust preconceptions and faiths burned away, and a great amazement as to the doubtful fate of man fell upon the world. That amazement speaks in our literature today, in its disgust, its ruthlessness, its purposefulness, in the very sordidness of scene that in America at least

The Witch

By MARTHA OSTENSO

WHEN you were poor
I was a witch
And stirred my kettle
And made you rich.

Now I have given
You all my gold.
The night is dark,
My broom is cold.

Now you are king
Why can't you carry
Me in your pocket
Like a fairy?

Wladyslaw Reymont

By ERNEST BOYD

WLADYSLAW STANISLAW REY-MONT, who appears as Ladislas St. Reymont in the latest of his works to appear in English, has been dragged once more from the obscurity which seems to be his fate in English translation by the award of the Nobel Prize for literature. The first volume of his four-part peasant epic, "The Peasants,"* had been published for several weeks without attracting much attention when the news was sent forth that Sienkiewicz had a successor in the rôle of Nobel Prize winners. At once there was the usual scramble to obtain some facts about the illustrious unknown whom the Committee of the Swedish Academy had selected in preference to Thomas Hardy, Georg Brandes, Benedetto Croce, Thomas Mann, or any of a dozen other writers of the first rank of whom the world has heard. So dim was the twilight in which this Polish novelist dwelt, so far as American and English readers are concerned, that the press appeared to be laboring under the illusion that he had but recently begun to be published in English. Yet, in 1920 one of his most important novels, "The Comedienne,"* was issued in New York. His first appearance in book form in English was in 1916, when Else Bencke and Marie Busch included him in "More Tales by Polish Authors," and in 1921 the same translators secured for two fragments of "The Peasants" the consecration of inclusion in "Selected Polish Tales" in the Oxford University Press's famous series of "The World's Classics." An extract from Reymont's great novel of industrial Poland, "The Promised Land," was published in 1921 by Paul Selver in his "Anthology of Modern Slavonic Literature."

Such, apart from selections in magazines, is the work of Wladyslaw Reymont which is available for readers of English, a meagre portion of the total of twenty-eight volumes of fiction with which the author is credited. In French only an extremely abbreviated version of "The Peasants" appeared as a serial in the *Revue de Paris* many years ago, but his major works have long since passed into German, where such fame as Reymont enjoyed outside his own country was founded upon the masterly German translation of "The Peasants." This work, with its two volume counterpart "The Promised Land," together with "Ferments," "The Dreamer," and "The Comedienne" constitute all that any but the most voracious and indefatigable foreign reader will need to arrive at a conclusion concerning the merits of Wladyslaw Reymont. Only the two last mentioned books are novels of ordinary dimensions. "The Promised Land" and "Ferments" are in two volumes and rival "The Brothers Karamazov" in length, while the four monstrous tomes of "The Peasants" run to at least 400,000 words, "Autumn" being the shortest. Reymont shares with his predecessor Sienkiewicz the Polish weakness for diffuse and leisurely narrative, without attaining, however, such heights as the famous "Trilogy" in thirteen volumes, which has not prevented Sienkiewicz from becoming the most popular of all translated authors in modern literature.

It is not likely, however, that Wladyslaw Stanislaw Reymont will ever rival Henry Sienkiewicz in

THE PEASANTS. Vol. I. Autumn. By Wladyslaw Reymont. Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50.

THE COMEDIENNE. By the same author. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1920. \$2.00.

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Next Week, and Later

Christmas Book Number. An Essay by Christopher Morley. A list of books for Christmas giving, reviews of new volumes, etc.
A series of parodies by Christopher Ward, to run at intervals through the year.

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has hitherto been unknown. To the extent that it has stimulated determination to meet facts unabashed, and to see life in its unvarnished truth, it has proved a fertilizing element in the letters of the time. Perhaps when it achieves the romantic outlook as it has already forced the realistic, it may flower in a literature that has something of the spaciousness and buoyance of the ages of wonder of the past.

the affections of the plain people; he is just a little too good a literary craftsman to produce anything that could compete with "Quo Vadis," and neither "The Peasants" nor "The Promised Land" has that Dumasesque quality of picturesque historical entertainment which gave "With Fire and Sword" and the rest of the "Trilogy" an interest entirely apart from the patriotic enthusiasm to which the work could appeal in Poland. Like his more notorious contemporary Stanislaw Przybyszewski, Reymont was born in 1868 and belongs with the author of "Homo Sapiens" to the literary generation which is known as "Young Poland," the successors of the Romantic era of Kraszewski, Prus, Orzeszko and Sienkiewicz—to mention only those translated into English. This is the generation which began to write at the beginning of the present century, and which has produced an interesting group of writers as little known to the English-speaking world as Reymont himself: Stanislaw Wyspianski, a dramatist of such curious power that his "Wedding" has even been translated into French, and two novelists, Wacław Berent, of whom nothing exists in English, and Stefan Zeromski who has been translated by Else Benecke and Marie Busch. Zeromski is regarded in Poland as the successor of Sienkiewicz, and a recent authority on Polish literature, Dr. Roman Dybowski, says of him: "If any Pole is asked who reigns supreme in the Polish novel today, one name alone can leap to his lips—that of Stephen Zeromski." This interesting fact would seem to have escaped the attention of the Committee when it turned to Poland for an author worthy to receive the Nobel Prize for literature.

Reymont is a self-taught peasant of the stock which peoples his rural epic. He was born at Kobala Wielka in what was then Russian Poland, of poor parents who could give him only such education as was offered by the village school. As a boy he tended the flocks, and as he grew up his circumstances compelled him to earn his own livelihood as early as possible. He tried farming, and twice followed the stage; he was a railway employee and even served to no purpose a novitiate with the Paulist Fathers at Czenstochowa. It was in 1893, while he was employed as a railway official that he began to write short stories which showed him to be a realist under the influence of Zola and Maupassant, and he was accused, in the fashion of the time, of being a "decadent." "The Comedienne," however, his first novel, appeared in 1896 and marked a considerable ripening of his talent, in this study of the ardent, eager quest of a girl hungry for fame and beauty who fails in the theatre and ends comfortably in the resignation of perfect philistinism. He drew upon his own experiences in the minor theatrical world and filled his picture with vivid figures from the underworld of strolling players and bohemians of various kinds. From his early life and his career as a railway official he then drew the material for "Ferments" and "The Dreamer." The latter is probably the most biographical of his novels, relating the life of a poverty-stricken gentleman, Joseph Pelka, who is obliged to work in the ticket office of a railway station, where the perpetual stretching out of hands for tickets irritates him and at the same time arouses in him dreams of travel. He reads of foreign lands and travels in imagination, until one day he steals money and takes flight to Paris. There the dreamer soon discovers that the realities of a life of leisure abroad are not what he fancied. His Polish mistress suspects him of being a criminal of some sort and she abandons him. In his boredom he goes from station to station watching the ticket sellers at work and finally commits suicide by allowing an express train to run over him.

The novel was a study of a typically restless, exalted Pole, true product of a country which lived upon visions, and memories, and strove incessantly against Russian censorship and despotism and German discipline as abnoxious to the Polish temperament as Czarism. Fear of the censorship undoubtedly weakened the force of "The Promised Land," a crowded picture of industrial life in Lodz. He shows a land flowing, not with milk and honey, but with wealth for the Jewish and German capitalists and with blood and tears for the Polish proletariat; the fierce plundering of ruthless exploiters, the jungle morality of a social order founded exclusively upon gain, and foundering upon snobbishness and reckless self-indulgence. It is a book

which will remind readers of Zola's "Germinal" as the vast, turbulent, swarming picture itself is completely influenced by the Naturalist technique. Its weakness lies in the author's failure to develop effectively the contrast between the exploiters and the exploited, a contrast which is discreetly suggested in deference, obviously, to the susceptibilities of the censorship. His analysis is in parts excellent, but his synthesis is weak; he is without fundamental ideas, and the book best serves as a mirror of external circumstances.

Reymont was not really interested in the fate of the industrial worker, but all his instincts brought him close to the worker on the land, and the epic breadth of "The Promised Land" was an earnest of what he was finally to accomplish in "The Peasants." With such minor efforts as the two thrillers, "The Vampire" and "Opium Smokers," we need not delay. A lengthy historical novel, "The Year 1794," marks his failure to do the inevitable three volume romance, in the Sienkiewicz manner, of the former grandeur of Poland, this time at Grodno, during the last year of the independent Polish parliament. His theme is the contrast between the refined world in the whirl of its enjoyments and the masses whose patriotic remnant saved the ark of nationalism in the flood which overwhelmed and destroyed old Poland, when Kosciuszko fell. Reymont has not, as I have said, the picturesque facility of a Sienkiewicz, and when he does not entirely possess and dominate his material there is no compensation in the shape of mere narrative entertainment as Dumas understood it. This novel is one of the least successful of Reymont's works.

His most successful is "The Peasants," which is not so much a novel as a prose epic, elemental, undidactic, and primitive, full of a natural poetry, narrating the life and adventures of a village rather than telling the story of a hero and heroine. The very order of the volumes is significant, for the rural year begins in autumn, and ends in summer with the harvesting, which is the final splendid picture upon which Reymont closes. His four parts are not dictated by artistic considerations; they are not four acts of a drama, for there is no culminating point in the third volume, "Spring," which is actually the most monotonous and ineffectual of them all. They are simply the four stages of life as lived by and for the soil. The woman of destiny, the mystic Helen, who is the human pivot about which the village epic revolves, is the traditional figure since Homer, the woman for whom men destroy themselves, the temptress who is herself the victim of love. Yagna comes between father and son, she becomes the scourge of virtue, and is dramatically humiliated and punished in the end. The rivalry of Antek and his father supplies the slender thread of what must be accepted in lieu of a plot, but their story is but an incident in a vast panorama of events.

To compare Yagna to Tess of the d'Urbervilles is misleading, for her tragedy is incidental and almost impersonal, in the sense that the woman herself is never individualized, but simply fulfils her rôle as the element of sex in this ambitious unfolding of every aspect of rural existence in Poland. Reymont is a chronicler, amazingly sensitive to direct impressions, utterly unconcerned with rationalization and analysis. We witness the peasant at every hour of his day, through the four seasons of his year, as he ploughs, sows and harvests; as he tends his cattle, feeds his family and transacts his business at the fairs. The eternal acts of all who have tilled the soil from the beginning of time are here, together with all the wealth of local and picturesque detail which fixes these scenes in Poland particularly: marriage ceremonies and quaint superstitions, religious fervor and brutal merrymaking, the revolt of the farmer against the landed gentleman, the revolt of the Pole against the foreign oppressor. At each season the setting, atmosphere and gestures merge into a harmonious whole, so intimate and inevitable is the bond holding these peasants to the soil and identifying their every movement with the rhythms of nature. The relative flatness of the third part, "Spring," may even be explained by the fact that in Poland the awakening of spring is not the joyous bursting forth of life, but a moment of crisis, of painful adjustments amongst a peasantry whose labors have not carried them on easily from one harvest to another. It is a transition period of privation.

Even in English it is possible to discern the natural charm and poetry of Reymont's writing, which has been highly praised by Polish critics. His descriptions are marvels of vividness and accuracy, smacking of the soil and revealing direct observation rather than literary cunning. The flavor of the dialogues must be largely lost. The English has not, for example, the power of the German version; it oscillates between inappropriate archaisms and a gentility which is not, I gather, in the text. One serious defect is the unnecessary rendering of names in forms so unfamiliar to our ears as to be unrecognizable. Anna is called Hanka throughout, and Eve or Eva becomes Yevka, as Jacob becomes Kuba. There does not seem to be any method in these renderings, for a girl who is called Nastka turns out later to be Nastusia; Francis varies from Franek to Kranek, and Bartek takes the place of Bartholomew. Yagustynka is a formidable name which occurs frequently where the German translator has found the less alarming Gusche. Yacek, too, seems somewhat exotic for Hyacinth. The vexed question of transliteration arises at the outset in the French form of Ladislaw where all previous English translations use Wladyslaw, and I suppose that, even more than in Russian, there are opportunities for endless dispute. Merely as a help to this work in English, however, a reduction in the number of unfamiliar proper names, difficult to pronounce, is desirable.

The position of Wladyslaw Reymont in the literature of "Young Poland" is a peculiar one, for apart from his style and his preoccupation with the minor bourgeoisie and peasants, he belongs to the tradition of Sienkiewicz. "Young Poland," on the other hand, represented a more deliberate break with the past. There was no school, in the strict sense of the word, but simply a group of poets, dramatists, and novelists who had come together in Cracow, and who, very much like their contemporaries in Ireland, wished to see a literature in which the patriotic will was not taken for the artistic deed. Wyspianski's plays, whose analogy with those of Synge has been noted by Polish critics, the plays and novels of Zeromski, and the revolutionary ideas of Przybyszewski, with the lyric poetry of Jan Kasprzewski, sum up the major achievements of "Young Poland." Reymont's connection with this literature was accidental, as all the circumstances of his life were remote from literary movements and the play of ideas. He is not an intellectual, but perhaps for that reason he could better catch the qualities of rural life which he has transferred to "The Peasants," in a manner which renders that saga of nature a unique, if not an absolutely first-rate work of modern literature.

A correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian* has the following interesting tale to tell of Paul Sabatier, the biographer of St. Francis of Assisi:

"A day or two ago," he writes, "I heard from the Professor the story of the Pope's relation to his famous biography of St. Francis of Assisi. So soon as the biography was published the author sent one of the first copies to the Pope personally, in acknowledgment of the courtesy extended to the biographer in authorizing researches to be made in the Vatican library. Leo XIII wrote upon receipt of the book, and sent the writer his benediction—without waiting to read the work!"

"A Capucin dignitary soon drew the Pope's attention to the responsibility that his hasty action had involved, and—the papal benediction having already been accorded to the writer of the book—the Pope proceeded to direct that the work itself should be placed upon the Index Expurgatorius! M. Sabatier must surely be the only individual who, having been accorded the benediction of the Pope in respect of a literary work, has had that same volume proscribed so far as Roman Catholic readers are concerned."

According to the annual report of the German Publishers' Association the production of books in Germany since 1922 has steadily decreased. While in 1922, 26,733 new works were published in Germany, the year 1923 brought forth only 21,940 new books, while the first quarter of the current year showed a slump to 4,644. As yet there are no statistics available for the second, third, and fourth quarter. But while the months October, November, and December seem to indicate a very great increase, it is more than likely that the total number of new books published during the year of 1924 will be smaller than before.

True Arnold Bennett

ELSIE AND THE CHILD. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: George H. Doran. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. FULLER.

THE baker's dozen of short stories that form Mr. Bennett's latest volume display the author in his familiar range of concerns, preferences, and admirations. He is as much occupied with topography as a surveyor, with housefurnishings as an upholsterer, and with the serving of food as a *maitre d'hôtel*; and at least three of his short-length heroines, like their predecessor in "Buried Alive," are "benevolent." The book's chief value, however, may be got from the opening fiction itself, wherein the affections of the twelve-year-old "Miss Eva" are curiously diverted in the direction of that Elsie who came to notice in "Riceyman Steps." These sixty-five pages present an almost perfect epitome of the author's method and tone—they are Arnold Bennett in his essence. They demonstrate triumphantly his ability to interest himself in any mass of trivial and intimate detail, and his confidence in his ability to interest his reader too. This interest he does, of course, notably and notoriously arouse and hold. You may wonder to find yourself absorbed in the equipment of a servant's bedroom, in the arrangement of fishknives and forks, or in the emphatic luxe of the lounge of a great hotel—Mr. Bennett's preferred *champ de manœuvre*. But you find yourself entangled, obliged to go on. In his shorter fictions, almost as much as in his longer, there is no abatement, there can be no "skipping": as the narrative carries you over his level plain, wide or less wide, there is no place to skip to. Here we feel the compelling, even the tyrannical, power exercised over a reader who is set at the centre of things, under the inexorable employment of visualization raised to its highest power. Visibility and continuity—you can no more escape "these twain" than you can escape their not wholly dissimilar manifestation in the comic strip. Unlike his dramatic critic, who "wanted the stage to be one thing and life quite another," Mr. Bennett himself seems to pronounce strongly in favor of an identity between his art and the life he depicts through it. The point, just here, is the effect that such a theory may have on style.

One difference between the realist and the idealist—or, to open the chasm still wider, between naturalism and romanticism—is that the former tends to lower method to the level of material, while the latter tends to raise it to the level of material. When I say that he tends to lower or to raise his method, I mean, as well, that he tends to lower or to raise himself. It is a question of style; and style means here more than diction, for diction has to do largely with the superficies, the façade, while style has to do with the foundations and the whole succeeding structure. Style follows immediately on a continued and confirmed mode of thought and feeling. Novelists may be divided into at least two classes: those who create worlds for themselves and those who don't. Among the former one may mention, haphazard, Dickens, Ouida, Cabell. The confirmed slant that ends in the production of a private, individual world is expressed directly in the means taken to "forward" that world. Hence every worldmaker is inevitably a stylist. His world may be whimsical, illogical, fantastic, tawdry; and the style will be measurably in accord. Style is not likely to be most conspicuous in writers who are content to reproduce, broadly or narrowly, a familiar, commonplace world that has received general recognition and acceptance. The possessive hand may be laid upon the five towns, but that does not make Staffordshire into Poictesme.

Thus, while diction may be rated as good, bad, or indifferent, style is not necessarily good or bad nor anything in between, but simply "characteristic." Ordinary good diction is like a pane of clear glass, and in some cases style may receive the same appraisal. Sometimes there is no strict line of demarcation: the two blend, coincide, as in the admired pages of Anatole France. Style may fluctuate, too, within the word of a single individual, when he is various enough to have at least two sides—observation and imagination, the realistic and the fanciful—to turn, like a lighthouse, in alternation.

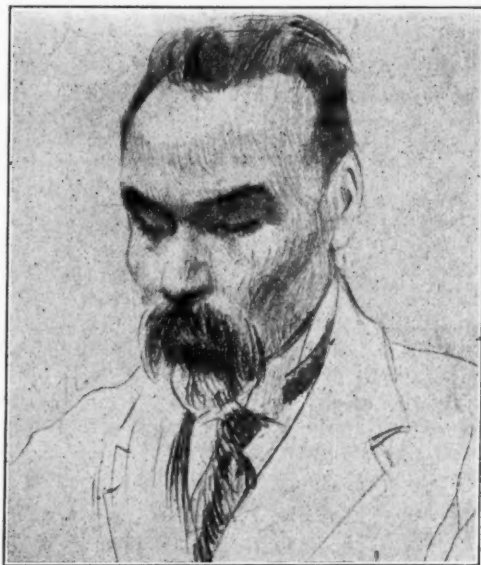
I suppose that one of Mr. Bennett's chief merits is that he has built a house of life suitable for tweeds and tailor mades. Today's buildings, in so far as they have originality and sincerity, have come into

fair harmony with the clothes we wear. The pomps of the seventeenth century and the frivolities of the eighteenth tend slowly—despite the authority of an *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*—to pass out. Yet architecture, though to a lesser degree than politics and drama, is a conservative art: the people who deal in steel girders and hod-carrying are naturally less pliable than those who require only their wits and a modicum of stationery. Mr. Bennett serves the modern time in a modern way. Eschewing pediments and colonnades, he builds in honest, simple brick, and his window-panes are clear enough, despite touches of London grime and pottery smoke. Perhaps the handbooks of the twenty-first century will use him to show how the twentieth lived, thought, felt, and recorded itself.

A Gallic Tale

A NAKED KING. By ALBERT ADES. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1924. \$2.00.

ADES is, of course, the co-author of "Goha the Fool," a book which E. M. Forster called "fine," which Octave Mirbeau placed on a par with masterpieces. In his short life he produced, beside "Goha," "The Restless Ones," which first caused Maeterlinck to advise him to drop everything else and write, and "A Naked King," the one book he wrote unaided. The translation of the last, now before us, is by Joseph T. Shipley.



VALERY DRUSOV

From a painting by S. A. Vinogradov

See page 328

"A Naked King" is peculiar in that the French editors inserted after chapter three of part four, a note to the effect that the manuscript stops there but that they have completed the later chapters from the author's preliminary draft. Nevertheless it is chapter ten of part four that seems to us incomparably the most moving and dramatic in the book.

The painter, Henri Fauvarque, is the "Naked King." "Joy in creation, spiritual wealth" is his ideal, and his delight the creation of great unsalable frescoes. He convinces as the one genius in the book, and is left at the end stripped of all wealth except the spiritual, almost of all possessions.

The scheme of incidents is entirely Gallic, the characters Gallic in their intensity, both in happiness and tragedy. The book has impetus. Fauvarque is a memorable figure. Poetry and glamour invest him, and a large clean virility. Both he and Jeanne have charm for the reader and enlist the sympathies. Huslin is an excellently drawn villain, inasmuch as he is intelligently handled by the author and made quite human as an artist ruined through his carnality. The inflated and meretriciously successful Sentilhes is an excellent foil to Fauvarque. The deep underlying irony of the story is praiseworthy.

Had Adès been able finally to polish and fully shape this novel it might stand as a really unusual work. As it is it has much power and vibrant movement. The Fauvarque theme is not new, but is well developed. The first part of the book is more ingenious. Our chief criticism of "A Naked King" is the way in which the story splits into two stories, the first of which is not completed with its full ironical possibilities, the second of which at-

tains much more fervor but has an underlying triteness of *motif*. This book must therefore remain rather a structural puzzle and a mere indication of Adès's full powers.

Precocious Superman

THE BOY IN THE BUSH. By D. H. LAWRENCE and M. L. SKINNER. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

M R. LAWRENCE has now achieved at a still early age, his seventeenth volume, if I am not mistaken. He has a numerous following in America and it is probable that his public will absorb with pleasure his latest piece of fiction, "The Boy in the Bush," written in collaboration with Miss M. L. Skinner. His public, however, will enjoy this book about life in the Australian wilds without pride or pretense, for Lawrence the iconoclast, the arch un-moralist reveals himself here a blushing romancer. The pages of the book are crowded with hair-raising adventures, intrigues, fights, killings. The hero is a handsome English prototype of our own William S. Hart; but the author is not Zane Grey, and so the career of the comely bushwacker brims with Freudian yearnings and triumphs of the earthly libido.

The familiar Lawrence-*motifs* are easily recognizable in this work of collaboration. Early in the book the sense of sin is established in the hero: "He knew he was a little sinner. It rather amused him. . . ." England had become too hot for the irrepressible Jack Grant, age eighteen, and his family had sent him to the far-off Australian bush to live with the colonials and learn to behave himself. Naturally his personality is complex, repressed: "He hated women. He hated the kind of nausea he felt after they had crowded him." He loved "good-for-nothings," the untamed kind; he "wanted to be defiant. . . ."

And yet it is not all on the plane of Jeffery Farnol. There is many an inimitable Lawrence touch. Jack Grant and his friend, Tom, during their peregrinations through the Australian interior, are engaged, like the sturdy young males they are, in vigorously sowing their wild oats. The sowing process is something at which Mr. Lawrence, of course, is adept and spirited in narrating for his particular public. Another Lawrence touch is the way in which his characters unfailingly make breaches with social conventions. When the girl, Monica, for instance is unfaithful to Jack during his wanderings, and begets an illegitimate child—nay, two—it boots little. Jack returns to marry her. (This by the way is admirable.) On the other hand, when young Jack finds gold, hence power, although once married and father to twins, he hurries to the border of civilization to bring back still another wife, the tender dark-eyed Mary, whom he even dislodges from a *mariage de convenance*. In passing he even invites a third lady to join his establishment, and by the end of the book we are convinced that he is well launched upon a full-blown career of polygamy.

The exact danger of Mr. Lawrence's popularity is his extraordinary interest in human morality. He is too sensuous and sentimental a thinker to clarify the meaning of our instincts and longings. On these subjects one would rather have William James or Havelock Ellis. It is not that I am shocked by Mr. Lawrence; it is simply the business of the critic to point out that too much of Mr. Lawrence's appeal may have been grounded on the rather irresponsible social ideas which are indirectly advanced in his books, and too little on any final artistic achievements. The "Boy in the Bush" is obviously meant to be a Nietzschean product, but Mr. Lawrence is quite unconvincing, because we are asked to believe that this mischievous, football-loving young Briton becomes a merciless wolf-of-society after some frivolous and exhilarating adventures in the backwoods. The whole character of the hero is almost an absurd contradiction of the extremely serious and ambitious nature of his social program.

One may dare to say by now that there is almost no subject under the sun which is *taboo* to the writer. But the true literary artist uses ideas, behavior, as material in an artistic whole. The true artist never lets himself be shunted from his business as an artist in order to thumb his nose at society.

Indubitable Beauty

THE APPLE OF THE EYE. By GLENWAY WESCOTT. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GORHAM B. MUNSON

MOST of the values of "The Apple of the Eye" are undeniable. It is a direct confrontation of a portion of the extravagant American scene—the agrarian settlements of southern Wisconsin. It has emotional poignancy, depth and awareness. The handling of adolescent psychology in it is masterly and the treatment of a crystallized decadent Puritanism is acute. If by experience we mean an awareness of the results of our trials at living, the author, despite his youth, is lavishly experienced. And he has a sensuous endowment fully able to cope with the Wisconsin landscape, whether it be a bare frozen tomblike expanse or the full-blown, sumptuous beauty of autumn—or the deliberate interlude between spring and summer.

Mr. Wescott may be differentiated from some of his young generation by the fact that he never takes his eye off his subject-matter and never ceases to seek only those circumstances necessary to evoke the whole effect that the particular subject-matter should produce. The outcome is that "The Apple of the Eye" has a style which sets it above that middle western fiction that is rapidly creating a set of cultural axioms in America (Dreiser's novels, Anderson's stories, Zona Gale's novels, the "Main Street" and "Babbitt" of Sinclair Lewis, etc.). When occasion demands, Mr. Wescott writes in a gaunt bony manner. On other occasions, he has a remarkable tense swiftness in narration. Frequently, he builds paragraphs of ornate and almost pompous description. All of which means that we are reading an author of notable suppleness in prose.

One is richly satisfied by this delicately strong book, and yet one hopes that Mr. Wescott will surpass it in certain respects. The primitive, naïve wisdom of Bad Han and Jule Bier is hard won and to be respected. Nevertheless, let us hope that the wisdom of the author is not identical with the wisdom of his characters, or if it is, that it will not remain so, for resignation before some of the facts of life is naïve and resignation before all the facts of life is impossible since one may spend one's life in discovery and still not encompass the whole. Curiosity is not enough: there must be the passion for truth. Likewise one hopes that Mr. Wescott may achieve a greater organic form than he has attempted in his first book. Of all methods of narrating, Aristotle considered the episodic the worst. By careful weaving, Mr. Wescott has produced a running continuity in his episodes, but the organization is not quite stark enough, not quite edged enough or dimensioned enough for true form. Again, he has achieved character portrayal which Aristotle informs us young authors frequently attain before they have full mastery of plot, and Mr. Wescott partly confirms this observation. His gifts indicate, however, that if he aims in his next book for organic form rather than simply for style and pattern, he will very likely attain it.

A Sociable Anthology

THE WEEK END BOOK. Edited by DAVID GARNETT, FRANCIS MEYNELL, and VERA MENDEL. New York: The Dial Press. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by SHANE LESLIE

MR. FRANCIS MEYNELL has prepared a "sociable anthology" of chanter songs, poems, ballads, recipes for cookery and parlor games, which will make any week-end party go. It is also a manual of first-aid and a puzzle book and there are blank pages for the owner to record favorite poems and it is all printed in the beautiful print we associate with the Nonesuch Press.

Here is a specimen of the household advice:

Don't eat boiled rhubarb leaves. This practice caused a large number of deaths during the war.

Don't take plovers' eggs from a nest containing four. It is unkind to the parent birds and at least two of the four will be added.

Don't cook things in clay.

Mice in honey should be imported from China not prepared at home!

Amid such very useful information is packed the best anthology of poems that has seen the light,

for many days. The poetry is divided into Great Poems, Hate Poems and State Poems, to say nothing of the Zoo, few of which appear in other collections. The Hate poems begin with the Song of Deborah and include Mr. Ewer's famous eight words:

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews

as well as "Anon" on Dr. Fell, Shelley on Sidmouth and Castlereagh, Byron on George III, Chesterton on a Grande Dame whose "sins cried to Father Vaughan!", Swift on an Upright Judge, Dryden on Buckingham, Belloc on a University Don, Browning on Edward Fitzgerald, Blake on Mr. Cromek, which is again short enough to quote:

A petty sneaking knave I knew

We have also Buckingham from Dryden's pen and Byron on a Poet Laureate, which leads up to an amusing choice of some of the Court or State poems, which have been written to order to hymn the Royal House. These are really funny whether from the pen of Thomas Shadwell or Joseph Harris, as when the latter sings that "The Pension of a Prince's Praise is great!", culminating in Alfred Austin's Mafeking Ode in which he rhymed Cecil with wrestle! and an amusing London broadsheet on the Death of Edward the Seventh, which must be quoted as the instance of supreme bathos in poetry:

His mighty work for the Nation
Making peace and strengthening Union
Always at it since on the throne:
Saved the country more than one billion!

Perhaps no more need be said except that never has a poetic anthology been served with such rare cuisinerie or household recipes served with such poetic trimmings. The book has sold like wildfire in England where the week-end trip was invented.

A Traveller's Record

GLIMPSES OF FORMOSA AND JAPAN. By HARRY A. FRANCK. New York: The Century Co. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN
Editor of *Travel*

SINCE the publication of his "Vagabond Journey Around the World" Mr. Harry Franck has easily held his position as our keenest traveler. There are those who put into their record of things far and near more rhapsody, more color, more subtle atmosphere, than Mr. Franck makes any effort to achieve; but there are none that give a sharper or a sounder picture of the several facets of this globe of ours. If the average travel writer paints a picture it may be said that Mr. Franck draws a diagram. He reduces the four-dimensional complexity of nations to visual simplicity, to a paper figure to be held in the palm of the hand. For this reason, Mr. Franck's books are among the few travel books being written today which may be said to have permanent value.

"Glimpses of Formosa and Japan" which, the author has the courage and honesty to announce, is a record of a very hurried trip (its duration was six weeks) through the countries described, lacks none of the points of excellence which distinguished his earlier books. Mr. Franck sees all nations with a very sympathetic eye but he is never carried away by what we might call tourist-bureau emotion. He sees Japan as a country whose inhabitants, combining a very distinct feeling for scenery with an almost total ignorance of any scenery other than Japanese, have managed to spread abroad the notion that the mountains, and inland seas, and rice fields, and villages of Nippon are the most beautiful and picturesque in the world. He sees a race misinterpreted by westerners who, although they may be able to speak fairly fluent Japanese, cannot so much as read a Japanese newspaper, the symbols of the typography of such a sheet being derived to a large extent from classical Chinese characters which almost no westerner has mastered. He sees a government committed to a policy of Japan for the Japanese, encouraging tourists and discouraging all forms of residence in the empire, and at the same time protesting vigorously at the exclusion of Japanese settlers from California. Mr. Franck's account of his visit to Hokkaido, the great northern island of the Japanese Empire, is very enlightening. He de-

scribes it as a modern land of agriculture spotted with typically agricultural or fishing towns, all, in spite of the remnant race of primitive Ainus which inhabits them, surprisingly American in appearance. Hokkaido is very fertile, as any geographer knows, and yet it is actually sparsely populated, Mr. Franck states, and there is plenty of reason for accepting his statement, that this great island could accommodate without crowding a goodly part of the present population of the empire. Whether or not the objections which Californians raise against the Japanese are valid (and they are so phrased as to give many Americans doubt on this point) it would seem that the Japanese have not yet reached the position from which they could with justice claim a foothold on the North American continent as an absolute necessity.

Mr. Franck lived in a Japanese household while he was in Tokio and there he learned for himself the long-published secret of the complete lack of privacy which the Japanese individual tolerates, if not enjoys. He also learned, or rather came to believe, that the popular idea that Japan is an extraordinarily cleanly nation is based, to say the least, on something less apprehensible than fact. Bathing is indeed popular, but if the last man of twenty-five or thirty to use the bath water gets as much benefit from his ablutions as the first, there must be something more than a desire to wash at the back of his mind. Mr. Franck seems to believe that the greatest weakness of the Japanese from the western point of view, is the position, physical and social, of their women. Everywhere in Japan the heaviest forms of labor are imposed upon women, everywhere in Japan, in the houses of cabinet ministers as well as in those of peasants and shopkeepers, women are esteemed only for their value as servants, even in their subtler relationship with the persuasive sex. And this disregard of what we westerners consider to be one of the axioms of national advancement is a horse of the same color as the trait which makes us think the Japanese secretive, malicious, and dishonest. It is not malice, nor secretiveness, nor actual dishonesty. It is chiefly that the Japanese never becomes truly westernized. He adopts the practical advantages of European civilization but preserves his own unfathomable sense of life beneath the veneer which these advantages set over him. The Japanese engineer, trained for years in the colleges of, let us say, the United States, returns to his homeland, in fedora, and sack suit, patent leather shoes and starched collar; but even in the train bearing him homeward from his steamer he will, with ancient disregard of the conventions in which his years of education have steeped him, disrobe as far as his underwear, put on a Kimono, and set himself again within the East. In his home he will order the women around as if he had never seen America and be, as he has always been, a Japanese, slow, serious, ceremonious, and without humor, devoted to himself and to his nation.

This is something of the picture which Mr. Franck gives us of Japan. Whether or not it is a fair one, must be left to others to affirm. It is enough to say that Mr. Franck's previous work and the candor of his approach to this, both serve to give us great confidence in his judgment and insight. In order that my comments on Mr. Franck's boldness and accuracy may not seem to praise him at the expense of other qualities in his work, I should like to say that his book has a true literary style, and that his eye for detail and his never-failing sense of comedy make no small addition to the value of what he has to say.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Revolutionary America

THE AMERICAN STATES DURING AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION, 1775-1789. By ALLAN NEVINS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. \$4.00.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Author of "Revolutionary New England"

IN the last two decades the American Revolution has come to be treated sanely as a chapter in human development. The ancestor worship and myth-making which characterized the American mind during the Nineteenth Century has given place to a rational envisaging of history and a critical analysis of events and causes. The deification, of the "fathers" and the fostering of the belief that political wisdom could never advance beyond that attained by them in 1789 began very early. Even Thomas Jefferson lived to complain, in words quoted by Mr. Nevins, that men had come to ascribe to those of the revolutionary era "more wisdom than human, and suppose what they did to be beyond improvement." "I know that age well," added the author of the Declaration of Independence, "I belonged to it and worked with it. . . . It was very like the present, but without the experience of the present, and forty years' experience in government is worth a century in book-reading." But at last, in spite of "pure history" laws in some states, the propagandist activities of hyphenates cloaked in the guise of defenders of patriotism, and the occasionally mistaken zeal of genealogical and patriotic societies, it is becoming possible to consider the revolution of 1776 with the same intellectual detachment with which a Frenchman or an Englishman can discuss similar political events in the histories of their countries.

Mr. Nevins, in this spirit, has made a notable contribution to the study of the period covered by his title and has approached the subject from an angle different from that of any other recent writer on revolutionary matters. He is concerned primarily neither with the imperial quarrel with England nor with the history of the States as "United" but with the course of events in the individual states during those years of strain and stress in every quarter of social, political, and economic life. A very large part of the material here gathered has hitherto been treated only in local histories or not at all. Almost every historian, as his account has advanced beyond the point of the assembling of the Continental Congress, has dropped the thirteen threads of narrative concerning the individual colonies and taken in hand the single one of the colonies as united under a central organization. One who has experienced the technical difficulty of writing the history of thirteen separate commonwealths and carrying their stories along simultaneously can almost hear the sigh of relief when the historian feels that at last he can simplify his plot to the two protagonists of the United States and the British Empire. To do this, however, is to ignore a vast field of local activity which was of supreme importance.

During the whole of the period covered by Mr. Nevins's book the individual states and not the "United States" were the political entities which held the allegiance and interest of their citizens. Moreover, although there were, of course, aspects and problems of life common to all the colonies, these latter had become so diversified as to preclude our understanding the situation as a whole unless we have an intimate knowledge of it in its several parts. This is what Mr. Nevins has given us and what we do not find on any such scale in any other volume. The excellent introductory chapter paints the colonial background before the beginning of the struggle. In the next two we follow the formation of the state governments, and four chapters are devoted to the little known political history of these new states in the revolutionary period. The author also treats of the state finances, and has done especially well in emphasizing the great changes in "social outlook and social legislation" that were the outcome of the changed viewpoint engendered by those tumultuous years. This is an aspect of the period which has not yet received adequate attention and treatment. The volume closes with a discussion of the relations of the states to one another and to the central government, with their influence upon the formation of a nation.

Here and there the author pauses in his narrative for illuminating comment. He points out, for example, that one reason why the American Revolution, which was a social revolution as well as a

civil war, did not overshoot the mark as most have done is to be found in the strongly self-conscious existence of the separate commonwealths. These, he says, "by dividing the movement into thirteen parts, each with its own center and character . . . prevented it from going too far in its internal phase." Whereas some states proceeded too rapidly on the radical road, others remained conservative, and the balance of all the conflicting movements, which thus remained localized, prevented that extreme swing which is characteristic of a nationalistic revolution.

Mr. Nevins's style is not brilliant but it is never dull and is always clear. He has not yielded to the temptation of a mechanical treatment of one state after another. There are no water-tight compartments. In a very able manner he has overcome the technical difficulty alluded to above and, with an easy mastery over his material, moves rapidly from one section of the country to another. The result is that we have a well-composed picture of American life as a whole and, at the same time the local variations in sharp definition. We receive a vivid impression of a society in a state of rapid change, and watch the transforming influence of a unifying and vital issue upon a vast variety, locally, of older grievances and passions.

In a volume of seven hundred pages, each close packed with facts, there is ample room for minor error or expressions of opinion from which others might differ. It was, for example, the towns of the middle rather than the western section of New Hampshire which were radical. Those in the extreme west, on the Connecticut River, owing to the easy communication afforded by that waterway with the trading towns of Connecticut, were in the main Federal and conservative. A study which the reviewer has recently been making of Shays' Rebellion in Massachusetts would indicate that Mr. Nevins holds rather too high an opinion of the ability of Governor Bowdoin in handling that important crisis. Certainly, if we may believe General Lincoln's own statement to be found in a manuscript letter to Washington, it was the military and not, as Mr. Nevins states, the civil leader who raised the money among the club men of Boston one evening, when the state could not do so, to suppress the revolt. But such points as these are of minor importance and the book as a whole appears to be very accurate. The bibliography is of unusual excellence. It will hereafter be considered an indispensable guide to the materials for a study of this period, and the book itself an essential one for the understanding of one of the most important epochs in our history.

"A Friend of the Wits"

LADY SUFFOLK AND HER CIRCLE. By LEWIS MELVILLE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. \$5.

Reviewed by ROBERT KILBURN ROOT
Princeton University

"IF the people of England wish to prevent the Pretender from obtaining the crown, they should make him Elector of Hanover, for they would never fetch another king from there." In this witty apothegm Lord Chesterfield gave his opinion of the German family which a freak of fortune had put upon the throne of England. In all the annals of royalty there are few less edifying instances than the First and Second Georges. Yet this same freakish goddess, Fortune, decreed also that in these sordid reigns should flourish the most brilliant group of wits that has ever illumined English letters—Swift and Pope, the lovable but exasperating John Gay, spoiled child of the wits, the Earl of Chesterfield, Henry Fielding, Yorick Sterne.

The chief interest which attaches to Henrietta Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, is that she bridges the chasm which separates the wits from their witless sovereigns. She was for fourteen years the reigning mistress of George II; and at the same time she was the friend of all the wits. Her friendship profited them nothing in the way of preferment; for George II bought his infidelities at the price of letting Queen Caroline rule his policies, and Robert Walpole ruled the Queen. To be a friend of Mrs. Howard was to incur the enmity of Caroline and of the all-powerful Walpole. With one so proudly independent as Mr. Pope that would have been sufficient reason for courting Mrs. Howard, who was by no means a remarkably brilliant woman. Her portraits, of which two are reproduced among the many illustrations of Lewis

Melville's book, suggest charm rather than great beauty. Her letters, of which many are reprinted entire, are kindly, but rather dull. There is never a trace of the sparkle which one finds in the letters of a Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Horace Walpole, who knew Lady Suffolk well in her later years, and liked her, says: "her mental qualities were by no means shining."

So it is not Lady Suffolk but "her circle" that makes this book an entertaining volume for those who like to mingle with the eighteenth century wits. Swift addressed to her a dozen or more of his brilliant letters, and then in his "Character" of the lady touched rather sharply on her qualities as a scheming and mercenary courtier. "If she had never seen a Court, it is possible she might have been a friend." Gay and Chesterfield were among her correspondents. Pope, who was her near neighbor at Twickenham, and who laid out for her in the new "natural" manner the gardens of the house which George II bought for her, could, despite his friendship, draw a portrait of her essential heartlessness in the "Chloe" of the second "Moral Essay":

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love or to be lov'd. . . .
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead!
She bids her footman put it in her head.

"Lewis Melville" is the pen-name of Mr. Lewis Benjamin, an English amateur of the eighteenth century, who has in recent years been turning out books on many topics—Laurence Sterne, John Gay, the South Sea Bubble, Bath under Beau Nash—with amazing facility. This book on Lady Suffolk, like its predecessors, is composed largely with scissors and paste-pot. For the Suffolk correspondence the author has gone direct to the originals in the British Museum; but his notes and comments on the correspondence owe much to the 1824 edition of "Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk," issued anonymously by John Wilson Croker of Boswell fame. Mr. Benjamin's writing is uninspired and without distinction. The three hundred pages of his book fail to make of their heroine a convincing or appealing figure. When the author deals with the personages of her circle, he is too often content to heap up meaningless details of biography when he should have drawn a portrait. The amateur has fallen into pedantries of learning which a better trained scholar would have known to avoid. Mr. Benjamin is at his best with the scissors and paste. He has given us an excellent collection of letters, some of which have not previously been published; he has quoted copiously from Horace Walpole's "Reminiscences," Lord Hervey's entertaining "Memoirs" of court scandal, and from the occasional verse of the day. The result is a book which, if by no means great, is at least a very pleasant field for browsing.

An Editor of the Old School

THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR. By L. FRANK TOOKER. New York: The Century Co. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

L. FRANK TOOKER is an editor of the old school. He has served the *Century Magazine* faithfully and well for nearly forty years. If anyone today has a clearer title to recognition as "dean of American magazine editors" I do not know the man. Mr. Tooker's unceasing diligence has been unobtrusive, his observation has been quiet and keen. Anyone who has labored in the same office with him retains extremely pleasant memories of his helpfulness, as I, for one, can testify.

Not only that—one retains memories of a delightful personality, a personality that lends charm and color to these pages before us. Mr. Tooker's style is urbane with a recurring sparkle. His anecdotes are entertaining. His judgments are tempered. There is a hint here and there of the irascibility which occasionally took possession of the harried editor I once knew—an irascibility I remember as endearing, since it was a lovable idiosyncrasy of one of the kindest of men.

Unobtrusive and indefatigable loyalty to an ideal is a rare quality today. Courage of well-weighed opinion is also sufficiently rare. Mr. Tooker has retained possession of these qualities. He established

a high grammatical standard in his editing of manuscripts for *The Century*, a standard whose details he developed and maintained with assiduity and consistency. To him fell what is ordinarily considered the "thankless job" of pruning the favorite phrases of authors and protecting them from their own faults. Yet in the process he made many personal friends. I recall an instance of a new author of considerable masculinity and virility who came into the *Century* office one day hunting for Mr. Tooker, if not actually with "blood in his eye" still with forcible objections to what was being done to his "copy." Mr. Tooker, whose response to the possibility of fracas is, I dare say, as much like a terrier's as it used to be (despite his native *aplomb*) rose, welcomed the stranger, and the two sat down together at the desk of L. F. T. The next fifteen minutes' discourse convinced the author of the cogency of L. F. T.'s arguments, of the rightness of his objections. They rose friends and the writer carried away with him, as well as a genuine liking for the man, a thorough respect for Mr. Tooker's editorial ability. I have known a few other editors, and a few other authors, and such instances are rather rare, particularly when the argument is (figuratively!) so straight from the shoulder. But such occurrences have not been rare in Mr. Tooker's career. Authors have respected his judgments on style and structure because they were the thoroughly reasoned judgments not only of an editorial analyst but of a creative writer. Mr. Tooker himself writes well-knit prose of extreme lucidity. And he has been a poet as well as a novelist. Many a modern writer of blatant fame would have found it profitable, had the opportunity occurred, to learn style and structure from a hand so sure.

This sureness of hand is the development of a long life of unceasing effort. I am not altogether sure that genius is the result of taking infinite pains but I am sure that such pains result in distinguished editing. Mr. Tooker has never spared himself in the constant verification and suggestion necessary in the preparation of manuscript for the press. He has dealt with many men and many minds and with what he speaks of as the "temperamental brotherhood," and, withal, he has dealt deftly. Mellowness is in the viewpoint from which he regards magazines as they were and magazines as they are. "The author," he remarks, "who flies into a passion at editorial changes is rare; he is far more likely to indulge in lamentations than in jeremiads. I remember the Ghetto-born Berliner, but long a resident of France, who, on viewing certain alterations in his moving little story, shaking his head sadly and slowly, said with deep feeling 'I wish you would not the blacksmith employ on my watch of great delicacy!'"

Mr. Tooker's discussion of bygone books and writers, of the periodical literature of the past as illustrated by the *Century's* grist of it, is leisurely, companionable, and always enlivened by humorous anecdote. His pages have documentary value. Read with Robert Underwood Johnson's "Remembered Yesterdays," published last fall, they give one a complete idea of the activities of a typical American magazine of national importance. The days and ways of *The Century* have changed and it has entered upon a new era. Today those who admire the admirable work of its present editors are apt to overlook the veteran who sits in the shadow yet upon whom still devolve the most onerous tasks of editing.

A particularly interesting chapter is Mr. Tooker's discussion of fairy-tales and plausibility in fiction. In his analysis of his consecutive attitudes toward the work of Mrs. Burnett, for instance, he passes a ripened judgment upon romance and realism, a mellow judgment, that some may think too kind, but that appeals as one grows older. This editor has spent half a lifetime watching how editors throw "dice with the great God chance." He saw Conrad's "Typhoon" rejected in earlier days of the magazine and, as a newcomer, witnessed the editor's stunned surprise at the enormous success of the series "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." He has been present at many another flood and neap of the tides of fortune. And he has conveyed to the reader the vividness of his memories which lead him to exclaim midcourse in his narrative:

How clearly the figures of those I knew long ago come back! Every line and change of their faces, every pose and habitual movement, seem indelibly stamped on my mind; as if Nature, relenting of her harshness in dulling my ears to their chemical words, had given to my eyes and brain the far more desirable power of visualizing their material forms in a sort of immortal changelessness.

Progressives in Art

THE MASTERS OF MODERN ART. By WALTER PACH. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER
Princeton University

THE word Master is carefully reserved by Mr. Pach for artists who contribute something notable to progress. The legitimate course of art is conceived as an ascent by which each new generation must stand on the shoulders of the preceding one or fail in obvious duty. Such painters as merely minister to delight, without being progressive, naturally are not masters, and are either ignored completely or dismissed with deprecating brief notice.

From David to the present, the main tendencies of French painting, to which the survey is limited, are traced with a lucid and attractive brevity. The exposition offers little for dissent. It is when values are asserted that many an alert reader will find himself sharply at odds with his guide.

The general thesis, if so quiet and gentle a book can be said to contain anything so vulgar, is that the Modernists are in the tradition, being the legitimate successors of all the great masters of the past. Thus Matisse, Derain, and Picasso are the classics of the moment, if we had the eyes and intelligence to apprehend them, all standing solidly on the broad shoulders of Cézanne as he stood, more extendedly, on those of Delacroix and Courbet. All this is maintained with the quiet dignity of complete conviction, with a persuasive effect fairly hypnotic. And Mr. Pach's felicities of individual characterization are so notable that they bridge almost convincingly the deep rifts in his general structure. Only an ungracious appeal to taste and common sense will deliver the unwary reader from Mr. Pach's beguilements—which, having first beguiled himself, are woven about the reader with the deftness of the Lilliputians casting their cobweb gyves over sleeping Captain Gulliver.

Naturally the author is at liberty to define the word Master in his own way. But the reader should at least be warned of the bearings of the new definition. A Master is a leader. Chassériau is not a master, nor Millet, nor Puvis, nor Carrière. Fantin is not so much as mentioned, silence reigns as to Whistler. As naturally, Bernard and Maurice Denys are not among those present. Beware of Mr. Pach. Inside of his velvet glove is an iron fist with brass knuckles. Of reputations based merely on that delightfulness which once satisfied a Poussin, he is a silent but effective knocker out. His urbane reticence creates shambles about it.

Let the wary reader now scrutinize the traditionalists as Mr. Pach presents them. Until about the year 1900 it had been held that the art of painting was a fine balance between observation and self-expression, hence implied a degree of representation. Van Gogh, Cézanne, and Canguin would have agreed on that. They merely veered from representation towards self-expression. The succeeding generation of Modernists cancelled representation in theory and rested their art on pure self-expression. To common sense this was a complete revolution, a sharp break with all the past of the art of painting. It is odd that the Modernists should not assert boldly their position as revolutionaries. Or is there something furtive and unhand-some in the attitude of the new style artist insurgent? As Mr. Pach vindicates the modest traditionalism of the *fauves* and cubists one is unpleasantly effected, as by a Lenin ordering a mass for the soul of the late lamented Czar.

Criticism is discrimination, and broad generalizations which blur essential distinctions may be good advocacy, but are certainly defective criticism. To justify the highly sophisticated Cubist doctrine of Simultaneity by the naïve continuous narrative (successive episodes in one picture) of the primitives is sheer muddle if one believes it; sheer sophistry if one doesn't. To feel acutely a likeness between Matisse's portrait of his wife and Greek sculpture is to misunderstand both. Again to lump as classics and traditionalists the spiritually garish impulsivist, Matisse; the restless and fanatical intellectualist, Picasso; and the patient and thoughtful synthesizer of natural appearances, Derain—is to confound the most essential differences. If Derain is a traditionalist—and I am willing to concede him the honor—then Matisse and Picasso belong in a quite different galley, indeed in two quite different gal-

leys. In short a classic for Mr. Pach apparently only means an extremist, without considering the point of departure or the direction of the various extremes, as if a geographer should erect a general classification of antipodes including with Little Billee:

Jerusalem and Madagascar
And North and South Amerikee.

This well written book is an invaluable monument of the muddle and cramp that come respectively from thinking too little and from thinking too much without your eye on the object. And since the warm blur of undisciplined emotionalism and the chill aura of overrationalized fanaticism are perhaps the oldest human experience, perhaps the Modernists are after all in their fashion traditionalists, but traditionalists who have renounced a long intermediate something—namely, civilization.

100 Years Stronger

A CENTURY OF BANKING PROGRESS. By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

IT is fortunately, perhaps, difficult to write about our banking history without telling at the same time the history of our credit. As Dr. Scroggs accepted the inevitable connection, his book not only relates the rise of our banking institutions, but supplies that needed aid, a rapid account of the Nation's credit, from its feeble beginnings to its sturdy prime. The story of credit—of boom and panic, of war's terrible stresses and of the giant demands of an economic empire springing up from among the grass roots—runs intertwined with that of banking, but it is the greater of the two. It would have been a pity to omit it. We have still too few of these historical treatments of matters that the economist usually presents fixed on the pin-point of exposition. Here on the contrary we have the historical treatment applied with fine effect to impress the general reader with the sense of what banking and credit have meant to the country, and how they have come where they now are.

It is strange to learn what a web of gossamer was the banking of the early days, the days when the notes of small and distant banks or even of individual merchants passed current in a country sadly lacking in what we should call acceptable money. The saddlebag bank, the bank that kept its coffers full of tenpenny nails thinly surfaced with a dressing of coin, may seem incomprehensible to us, yet they were the natural outgrowth of an unbounded need for currency, and out of them, or rather in spite of them, grew better things. The flimsy banks of the early decades of our national life collapsed in great numbers at every time of adversity. But national growth did not cease with them; there could be no better proof of the vigor of youth.

The banking system of the present has not "just grown." The process has been the more painful and complicated one of trial and error. Dr. Scroggs tells among other things the story of the various Banks of the United States and of the individual states. In relating the great finish fight between Andrew Jackson and Nicholas Biddle, he performs a genuine service. That struggle of angry giants, under whose feet thousands of little fortunes were crushed, affords the classical example of conflict between a mighty monopoly and a bellicose popular leader. Of the great banks erected in days before the Civil War by a number of the states, Dr. Scroggs details the mixed results, success in some cases, in a greater number failure. National Banks may still issue notes, but it seems a long way back to the day when banks normally handed out a bundle of their paper, where they would now simply credit a borrower's account and let him draw his own checks against it. The old plan of free and unrestricted note issue is one of the most interesting exhibits in the collection of our discarded banking devices.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Scroggs sets down the state guarantee of bank deposits, a quite recent scheme, as one of the failures of banking history. His relation of Oklahoma's venture in the pursuit of this alluring idea, records a valuable if costly bit of experience. As for banking panics, such as the acute epidemics of suspension in '73, '93, and 1907, he believes them a thing of the past; at least, he heads the chapter on the crisis of 1907 "The Last Financial Panic"; and there is good

hope that the Federal Reserve system, of which he clearly sets forth the main needs and purposes, may spare us such other ordeals.

Our methods in the organized purveying of credit have unquestionably improved during the past century in a multitude of ways. From this book one may gather how great were such forward steps as the institution of free-charter banking—as originated in the laws of New York—of secured note issues, of Government examination, of the clearing house system, and of the Federal Reserve as a means of attaining an elastic currency. The growth has not only been from the ground up, it has likewise been slow and painful, and accomplished in spite of every sort of popular objection and political opposition. Dr. Scroggs has emphasized the toil and difficulty of this growth, but probably not more than the case warrants. One of the most sobering lessons of such history as this is that the blessings one takes for granted have for the most part at some time been heavily paid for.

The brevity of this little book, its hardly more than three hundred pages, do credit to the author's command of the subject and his skill of presentation. One must know volumes and volumes about banking before one can judge which volumes to leave out. One is almost tempted to wish that this little history had included another chapter or so, to cover the rise of the trust company and the history of our foreign banking. As it stands, it is a fine union of brevity, readableness, and grasp.

Science in Common Life

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND HUMAN WELFARE. By FRANKLIN STEWART HARRIS. With the collaboration of NEWBURN I. BUTT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director, Science Service

THIS volume is admirably adapted to make the practical man of today aware of his indebtedness to those impractical men of the past who preferred fooling with figures to making money out of them, and who spent their time investigating nature instead of exploiting her. Mathematics in its higher branches is particularly apt to be sneered at as an idle amusement. Yet it is easy for President Harris to show that the mathematical puzzles of the past find practical applications in the present, and it is safe for him to assume that what seems useless today may find employment in the future.

Today, we have hundreds of mathematical proofs which we do not have practical applications for; but, from past experience, it is safe to predict that they will prove as valuable in some future day as the virtually useless mathematics of the seventeenth century have become to our day. The theory of probability worked out by Pascal (1654) was hardly more than a curiosity for mathematicians to juggle with until recent times. Today we find it used as a basis for all insurance business, for scientifically directing plant and animal breeding, for studying sociology and meteorology, and all other questions involving choice and chance.

Most writers on the value of scientific research talk largely about coal tar dyes and drugs with a bit about photography and fertilizers. But this book has a wider scope and its authors wisely devote more attention to less spectacular services of science in relieving human labor and increasing human comfort. Who knows, for instance, what the oxidation of linseed oil has contributed to health and household economy? This is a rhetorical question for the answer is at hand waiting to be produced.

Seventy-five to a hundred years ago the sanitary condition of the floors where the children so often play was very unsatisfactory. The cracks in the floor furnished an ideal breeding place for germs. Shortly after the middle of the last century careful studies began to be made of the principles involved in the use of linseed oil in paints and the hardening of the oil upon being oxidized. The hard, waterproof characteristics of the product suggested its use as a flooring material and the result, after some experimentation, was linoleum, which not only saves a great amount of scrubbing in the home, but also gives a sanitary floor covering.

It has been calculated that the farmer's wife of former days trudged nearly 6,000 miles in carrying water for her home during fifty years. But now this lifetime of hard labor has been lightened by cheap iron pipes and sewage systems.

The volume is written in remarkably simple language and style. Though it deals with all the sciences and brings in the latest discoveries, the authors have not found it necessary to fill their pages with the technical terms and symbols which most scientists are unable to avoid. If you think it is easy to write so simply about science, just try it.

The BOWLING GREEN

Fairy Tales

ONE very wet evening in the autumn of 1912 I lay in bed in a hotel in Basel, Switzerland. I had been bicycling all day in thick rain, I had no change of clothes, there was nothing to do but get among the feathers and abide there patiently until the chambermaid could find room near the kitchen stove for my soggy garments. Even my rucksack had leaked, my pyjamas were damp. Into the soft plump sandwich that small European inns call a bed, I mounted with all the simplicity of Madeline in the Eve of St. Agnes; and like her lay trembling in my chilly nest. But soon I was warmed with the most spiritual of calorifics: laughter. I lay there cackling; and the chambermaid (to whom, through the open transom, I had passed my humble tweeds and naperies) must have been more than confirmed in her suspicion that Swiss hotels harbor some queer ones.

For in bed with me I had a copy of Hauff's "Märchen" that I had found in the smoking room. Not the Hauff that many of us have encountered at school, but Hauff in expurgate, Hauff entire, Hauff *Fullstanding Outgive* as the Germans put it. And in the middle of the volume I had come upon a tale called —, but I shan't tell you the title, because it's a clumsy one. So brilliant a narrator as Wilhelm Hauff should have known better: his title gives away the whole nub of the fable.

Briefly, the story (written about a hundred years ago) is this. To a gossipy little village in South Germany comes an elderly stranger, who causes much indignation among the natives because they know nothing about him. He takes no part in the village life, declines all invitations, and lives taciturn and retired in an old tumble-down mansion which he has furnished with very odd articles including scientific instruments. None of the citizens are admitted to his house, and in the course of years legend accumulates. He is supposed to be a sorcerer.

The only time the Stranger shows the slightest interest in outside matters is once when a travelling circus comes to town and happens to perform under his windows. To everyone's surprise he leans out and applauds the trained animals, laughs tremendously, and throws down money. That same evening he hires a carriage and horses and drives off into the darkness. Late at night he returns with an unknown companion whom he passes by the town gatekeeper with the explanation that it is his nephew from abroad who has come to live with him. The nephew talks an unfamiliar language and knows no German; but the gatekeeper believes he has heard him say "Goddam." The town therefore concludes that he is English, and he is known henceforth as the Young Englishman.

The Young Englishman does not prove more sociable than his uncle; neither of them appear in public; but a new source of gossip arises. For the most hideous shouting and uproar is occasionally heard in the Stranger's house, and even glimpses of the uncle pursuing his kinsman with a whip. This threatens to become a legal matter until the old gentleman explains to the mayor that he is teaching his nephew German, and his stupidity is such that only chastisement can avail. He is teaching him German, the uncle says, so that as soon as the young man is properly polished he can enter into the pleasures of the village society. Dancing lessons follow; and eventually, to the huge delight of the townspeople, uncle and nephew begin a round of calls and enter with zest into the social life of the place.

The nephew is found to be a very odd fellow. He wears big shell spectacles (of the Harold Lloyd sort: I have often thought how delightfully Mr. Lloyd could play this tale in the movies), never removes his gloves, puts his feet up on chairs, speaks in a guttural voice with a weird accent and sometimes (in spasms of a kind of nervous hysteria which afflicts him, so the uncle explains) makes odd grimaces, cuts the most outrageous capers. But the villagers, regarding him as an English aristocrat, condone all this; and little by little the younger

generation of the town take to imitating him, even down to wearing shell spectacles and contradicting the political opinions of their elders. It is at dancing parties above all that the nephew shines. Provincial etiquette bothers him little: he makes straight for the lady that takes his fancy, twirls faster and faster, and finally in the excess of his high spirits bursts into yells of merriment, dances on his hands, and has to be disciplined by his guardian. I cannot take space to synopsise all the agreeable satiric and comic touches with which Hauff develops his tale. But everything is forgiven the young Englishman for the gusto of his high spirits; the citizens are enchanted to believe that such a distinguished and eccentric foreigner finds in their village just the social charm he had missed everywhere else.

But the *dénouement* arrives at the annual concert where the nephew is to sing a duet with the mayor's daughter. His uncle not being there to restrain him, the young gallant completely disgraces himself, and turns out to be a trained orang-utang dressed up in clothes and a wig. Furious, the villagers hasten to the Stranger's home for revenge. They find he has skipped, leaving a note urging them in future not to try to compel those who want to live for their own concerns to enter into the trivial round of provincial society.

And then last summer, on a beach in Normandy between swims, I read another ambiguous (or shall we say amphibious?) fairy tale. It was less broadly comic, but more delicately humorous: it quivered with dazzling laughter just as that wide beach was trembling in sunlight. It was De Musset's "Story of a White Blackbird," which begins as a wistful allegory and then turns almost too narrowly into a literary satire. But I think of these two as among the fairy tales that have made the sharpest impression on me: so much so that they sensitized me in the way great art can always do, and I shall never forget the exact circumstances in which I read them. The conclusion (or rather the progression) that I draw from these two fables will now seem a long leap; but the mind has its own cobweb analogies by which it keeps the world from falling to bits around it.

I was talking the other day with a man who has been whaling; he spoke of the nakedness of the whale. This, I said, was something I felt I could not endure to see, or even to think of. The great achievement of humanity, I suggested, was that it does not admit things. There are matters (as Whitman cried out in his anguished palinode passages, where he speaks of himself as a traitor) that humanity does better not to scrutinize. Matters that need (in the jolly old phrase) to be minced. My companion, if I understood his rather troubled accent, agreed. When you see the whale naked, he said, it seems as though all reticence of every sort is destroyed. The starkness of biology lies bare. It is not so much that one feels it indecent; worse, for one appalling moment there is no longer any such conception as decency.

Here, obviously, is the theme for a fairy tale—as the whale himself began by being a fairy-tale; and it takes us on (hurries us into sublimity, if you like) toward our grandest collection of oblique fancies, the Bible. The whale naked, I thought, would be as shameful as was Noah to his sons; for the whale, in the animal hierarchy, may be regarded as the father of us all. The Noah boys walked backward to cover the old tippler, and fairy tales are men's ways of walking backward to kilt the intemperance of Nature. When you find anyone not admitting things you know he knows, you have found the beginning of art.

So, though it is sad, it is perfectly understandable why parents and publishers and booksellers nowadays don't give children access to the real old fairy-tales, but fob them off with Squirrel Nutkin and Raggedy Andy and Peter Rabbit. The modern denatured myth doesn't walk backward, for it has nothing to hide; it is merely fantastic and extravagant. The original fairy-tales were not bedtime stories, they were nightmares. They were terrible with meaning, and like the Bible only the very reckless or the very innocent can afford to read them.

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Books of Special Interest

Periodical Essays

THE PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY with Illustrative Extracts from the Rarer Periodicals. By **GEORGE S. MARR**. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$2.50. Reviewed by **HAMILTON J. SMITH**, University of California

THE past two decades have done much to revive interest in the eighteenth century and many scholars have turned their attention toward the investigation of early annals to the period which represents, in a sense, the beginning of modern literature, since it marks the change to a growing democracy of letters. Since "The Periodical Essayists of the Eighteenth Century" by George S. Marr is the first endeavor in recent years to present "an approximately complete and detailed survey" of periodical literature, one hopes to find a volume of extraordinary value.

The book is of interest primarily to scholars, and must therefore be judged by scholarly requirements: wide knowledge of historical and literary background, critical insight, and sound scholarly method and accuracy of fact. It is well to test this volume in these particulars.

The early eighteenth century was a transition period when traditions of power and wealth had been broken by civil wars, and the rule of aristocracy was giving away before the rising position of the middle classes. In this new social order aristocrat and merchant each possessed something desired by the other. This forced their meeting in common interest. The need in one case was wealth; in the other it was culture. The position of both classes was uncomfortable; their manners, customs, habits, dress, and morals differed. Puritan standards still swayed the middle classes and the traditional looseness of an earlier Stuart court yet remained the model for "gentility." It was Steele who first saw a way to serve both groups, through mutual instruction given in essays periodically published. Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, a middle-class merchant, was created to be his mouthpiece in *The Tatler*. Addison followed suit, and Steele joined his friend in a new venture, this time making one of the noble descent, who had the usual education of an English gentleman, the oracle who should instruct his nation through the papers in *The Spectator*. Both *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* repeatedly point out that their instruction is for all classes.

It is difficult to reconcile this background of historical fact with the generalization of Mr. Marr.

The *Tatler* and *Spectator* had been written for a certain section of society. The lower classes could not read at all; the middle classes (or at least the lower middle class) were immersed in business. It was the upper middle class, the court circle and leisured people of society, to whom the appeal of Addison and Steele was specially made.

The value of scholarly writing depends upon the historical perspective and critical insight of the writer; but it rests further upon his scholarly procedure. The present author acknowledges the value of basing his conclusions upon the study of original texts; and the sub-title of his work is an avowal that he has done so. In the study of periodical writing it seems axiomatic that the texts of the periodicals themselves, and not those of later collected writings, must be used; for bound, revised and polished essays are no longer, in the full sense, periodical writings. Yet with no warning to the reader another procedure is here followed. The extracts from Goldsmith's Chinese letters are not quoted from *The Public Ledger*, the newspaper in which they were first printed, but from the subsequent bound volumes, called "The Citizen of the World," where they appeared in final, revised and polished form. The former text exists in unique copy in the British Museum; the latter is easily accessible, in numerous editions, in any library. The author not only cites the later text, but also bases his discussion as periodical literature on the literary version, in one place stating, "that no

fewer than one hundred and twenty-three of these letters had to be in for a certain day."

The fact that original texts are not used and that serious revisions pass unnoticed is of less importance than the unpointed significance of the republication of journalistic writings. The reappearance in bound volumes of Goldsmith's essays is only one succinct example of what did happen in the growth in literary activity of the periodical essay. Its first use was primarily as a "conveyancer of news and information"; as time went on this element was entirely excluded and a distinct, definite literary type evolved, with interest independent of the journal in which it first appeared. At the same time it continued to exist in the periodicals. Why did this happen, and when, and how? What was the changing function of the periodical-essay? How did it affect the drama, and the novel, and other forms of literary activity? What social needs did it satisfy? These are interesting questions to which Dr. Marr's survey has not furnished adequate answer.

Laborite Ideas

BRITISH LABOR SPEAKS. Edited by **RICHARD W. HOGUE**. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

THE British Labor Party speaks no more from Ministerial benches, since its recent defeat, but judging from the gathered utterances in Mr. Hogue's compilation, the voice of organized labor in England will not cease to be heard. The book creates the picture of a competent corps of labor thinkers and polemicists much too able and thoroughly drilled for the mere incident of a setback at the polls to squelch.

Addresses by Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden occupy the earlier pages of the book, but among its meatiest portions are speeches by men rather less widely known. Leonard Woolf of the Labor Party's Advisory Committee on Foreign Affairs presents the internationalist ideas that have taken a strong hold on the British wage earners. G. D. H. Cole relates the recent efforts of the Manchester Building Guild to carry out big contracts for workmen's housing, on the no-profit principle. Fred Bramley recounts the rise of the Trade Union Congress, which now serves as the deliberative body for unions numbering some six and a half million members. J. J. Mallon tells of the nature and growth of the trade boards which of late years have prescribed wage scales in certain of the less thoroughly unionized industries.

This collection of papers lacks something of unity and system, if one seek merely a presentation of the more recent stages of the British Labor movement. An introductory article supplying a bony structure of bare fact would perhaps have added, for the American reader, hitting power to the somewhat disconnected musculation of opinion and argument. But the book will impart, even to the average reader not especially up on foreign labor matters, some forcible impressions. He will be struck with the number and diversity of ideas seething in the British labor movement, and of the men doing the thinking. He will note a certain liberality of mind among these men, which tends to rectify in them the bias of anti-class passion and to exalt conceptions of principle. It is quite true that Snowden, for example, preaches the desirability of a graduated capital levy, to run as high as sixty per cent or so of the great fortunes, as a means of extinguishing £3,000,000,000 of the war debt. But even he admits that such a proceeding must involve risk of great economic unsettlement, and that only an especial emergency can justify it.

The book makes it plain that Great Britain has labor leaders who not only study the social sciences and think broadly, but aspire to act for general rather than simply for class advantage. It reveals a many-sided movement extending beyond mere political activity and therefore still very much alive, whoever may sit in the Ministerial benches.

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Foreign Literature

A New Life of Heine

HEINRICH HEINE. By MAX J. WOLFF.
C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
1924.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE recent Byron celebrations brought a new estimate, a more balanced estimate of the man and the poet than had hitherto prevailed. It is the lapse of time that has accomplished this necessary adjustment of opinion to facts. With Heine, who called Byron his "cousin," to whom he owed so much and of whom he said that he would "give all the joys of his life for one year of Byron's sorrow"—with Heine it is a rather different fact that has produced a like result. The author of this latest full-length biography of Heine explains the circumstances succinctly, and those who were acquainted with German social and political conditions before the war will recognize the truth of his assertions. He says in his introduction:—

To write the life of Heine is an attractive but thankless undertaking. The poet is still the centre of a contest, and his true picture is still obscured by the party-passions of his friends and enemies. As long as we felt ourselves to be the citizens of a great and splendid Empire, it may quite well have been hard to put ourselves in the right relation to Heine. But our shameful collapse and the sad times in which we live have prepared the ground for an objective study of Heine as man and politician.

And this is precisely what is given us. Dr. Wolff has avoided the other extreme; he has not, as was done notably in connection with Wedekind, jumped to the conclusion that because a writer was censored or unfavorably regarded before the Revolution, he is the greatest of geniuses. The Heine we see here is shown in all his weakness; his quarrel with his fellow Jew and poet Börne, for example, is judged with all the severity it deserved. But a most conscientious effort is made to disentangle the man from the poet; the confusion between the two Dr. Wolff regards as the chief reason for the neglect of Heine by large numbers of his fellow-countrymen. Behind the love lyrics they have too much tended to see a somewhat calculating and not always loyal lover; the beauty of the songs has been obscured for many Germans by the anti-patriotic pose Heine adopted.

The purely political prejudice against Heine, the belief that he was a forerunner of Socialism, if not of revolutionary Communism, is well dealt with by Dr. Wolff, who shows that he never shared the economic materialism which is practically inseparable from German Social Democracy. His "Communism" was not a scientific dogma for his day, but a poet's formula for expressing an ideal of the future. His satire, ruthless, irreverent to the last degree though it often was, has also been misunderstood. For Heine it was a *Selbstzweck*, an end in itself, Dr. Wolff explains. He believed in the freedom of art, the freedom to deny, and it is idle to talk of his "lust of destruction" of all that was beautiful and sacred, for *Zerstörungswut*, an expression which often occurred in the pre-war indictments of Heine, presupposes passion, anger, qualities this "weary man" never really possessed. He was the typical representative of "intellectual nihilism," and he gave that outlook on life its classical expression in his masterly "Atta Troll." He was able to do this by sheer imaginative power. To appreciate Heine we must isolate the poet from the man, do our best to get away from the contradiction between Jew and German, politician and artist, poet and embittered jester. Dr. Wolff's biography will assist in this, provided that,

having read its careful analysis, its cool judgments and conclusions you straightway forget them all and turn to the only true criterion, the poet's own work.

Romansch

GRAMMATICA LADINA. By ANTON VELLEMAN. Zürich, Switz.: Orell Füssli. 1924.

Reviewed by ANNE G. WINSLOW

TO the tourist with a taste for languages Switzerland has always been a particularly interesting country because there one has the opportunity of hearing without much change of place, its three official tongues, German, French and Italian. And if one happens to be sojourning in the glorious Oberland of the Grisons or the enchanting Valley of the Engadine, one may hear at will without moving at all still another speech indigenous to the small Republic and quite distinct from the other three; a language of narrow local restrictions but which in purity of lineage and dignity of sound is perhaps second to none of those spoken in Europe today. This sturdy survival of Roman speech known as Romansch, or the *Lingua Ladina*, is a dialect of great antiquity and its interest for the philologist has been attested by numerous monographs and papers of academic importance. But it is only now, through the enthusiastic and untiring efforts of Dr. Anton Velleman of the University of Geneva, the second volume of whose "Grammatica Ladina" has just been published, that the history of the language and the details of its structure have been put within the immediate reach not only of the libraries of universities but of even the most casual student.

A work of such scope and interest is hardly to be called a grammar in the usual connotation of the term. In giving sanction and stability to the better usages of their native speech, Dr. Velleman has perhaps accomplished for the inhabitants of the Grisons the same service which Vaugelas in the seventeenth century rendered to the French, and there is such color and variety in Dr. Velleman's method of dressing the bone and sinew of solid rule and structure that the work becomes a living and a charming thing. One masters the subject almost without effort through what seems less a dry statement of facts than a delightful description of attributes, and usage and idiom are illustrated with such an abundance of quotation from both the ancient and modern literature of the people that the book may be said to possess the added value of an anthology.

It is gratifying in view of Dr. Velleman's generous and scholarly efforts, to see his success so widely attested on the Continent in current journals and reviews. One ventures to hope that even in this country there are lovers of Switzerland who may be led through this book to see and to admire still other aspects of an infinitely various land.

Bengt Berg's latest nature study to appear (Stockholm: Norstedt) is a study of eagles. "Di Sista Ornarna" both presents an account of the life of the eagle and of the author's experiences in obtaining the photographs for his book.

Due to the morbid curiosity of travelers and tourists, Selma Lagerlöf has been forced to shut off against the public her farm Morbakka. These travelers coming from the four corners of the globe went so far as to step right up to the house and to peep into the dining-room while the author was sitting at the dinner table. At one occasion not less than forty automobiles were parked near her house.

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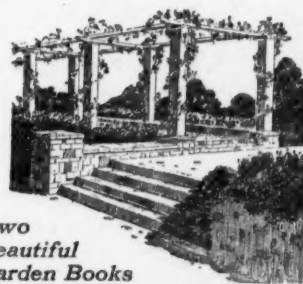
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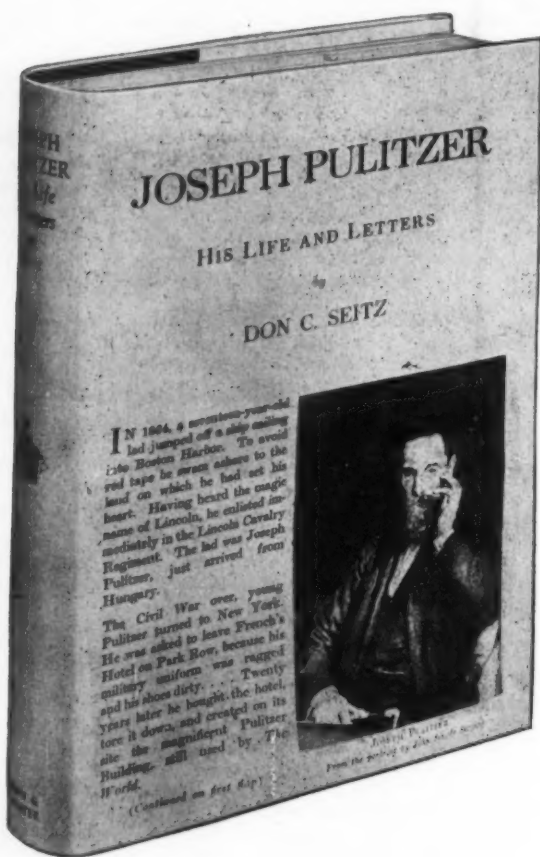
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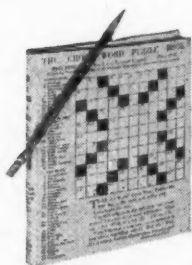
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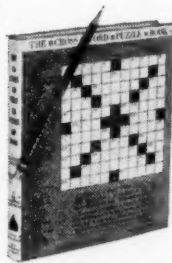
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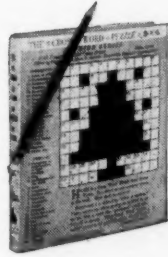
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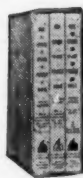
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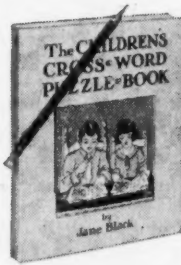
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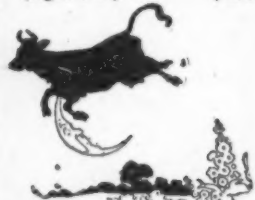
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Valery Brusov

By AVRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

THE copy of "Krugozor," by Valery Brusov, a selection from his poetry, (Moscow: State Publishing House), which was destined to be Brusov's last, lying on my desk, calls up the image of a provincial-looking street, hard with trodden snows, an uncertain groping among dark door-ways, and the surprise of entering not by way of the usual dismal Moscow kitchen, but through a shabby foyer, where a blowsy maidservant relieved me of my shuba before summoning the poet. This was not my first meeting with Brusov. Some weeks before that a friend had taken me to the fifth anniversary celebration of the All-Russian Union of Poets held on November 20 of last year. Commemorations, be it said in passing, are endemic in Russia. The captains and the kings depart, the very gods turn their faces to the wall and die, the Jubilee endures. We elbowed our way up the steps through the lyric crowd only to find a final obstacle in the shape of a militia-man, who was acting as a policeman and who was using his great shoulder to shut the door in our faces. But propelled by a gay crowd, as dense as that which streams into a subway express in the rush hour, we were thrust beyond the militia-man's arm and into the room. When one grew accustomed to the re-breathed air one became aware of young men and girls, in sober clothes that looked like uniforms. Here and there was a bearded intellectual or a white-faced flapper with rouged lips. By one window which allowed air through a small aperture, stood a woman with jewels in her ears and at her throat, and a lorgnette in her manicured fingers, who looked as though she had strayed in by mistake. At the far end of the room, before a table on which stood the conventional carafe, sat the president of the Union, the poet Brusov.

The meeting opened with the reading off of a roll of honor, sounding like a portion of scriptural genealogy. Then from every corner of the room, men representing various parts of the country and each of the 57 varieties of poetic schools, made addresses. Someone greeted the Union in the name of the servants who keep the rooms, and a man in the rear of the hall, who looked about seven feet high and was further distinguished by side-burns, shouted a "Greeting to the poets as the inspiration of the workers!"

Then readings began. Brusov opened, declaiming, as most Russians do, as though he were a solemn metronome, his voice throaty and his accent curiously un-Russian. You must see him standing in the close, crowded hall, packed with rhetorical shabby young men, himself a little shabby and quite rhetorical too: a gaunt-faced man of fifty with a meagre Van Dyck, the prominent cheek-bones of a Kalmuck and the grave

eyes of an infant. The audience accords the maestro only half-hearted deference, although the poem he recites to mark the occasion voices what is presumably their faith, and, beginning with planetary references, concludes with a proud rhyme on S. S. R. It was much as if an American Wordsworth had arisen in the year 1782 to deliver a poem before young veterans of the American revolution, winding up with "Hurrah! U. S. A.!" However often Brusov might affirm his identity with the new order and point to his membership in the Communist Party, he was felt to be too strongly rooted in the odious past to be welcome. The current belief in Russia is that a man's aesthetics are related to his socio-economic status. Everyone remembered—until it was time for the funeral orations last month—that Brusov was a Symbolist, a Neo-Romanticist, and—horrible dictu—a mystic, before he became a Communist. People were apt to recall that he had feasted with the Philistines; that he had transplanted in decent native soil the flowers of evil growing in the corruption of a super-cultured bourgeoisie; that he was the master of an exquisite, somewhat abstruse and necessarily aristocratic style; that he was the spokesman for an extreme individualism.

Turning the leaves of the anthology in which Brusov himself assembled his most significant poems, chosen from the work of thirty years,—one finds a rather eclectic, uneven poet with high standards of craftsmanship, more engaged with the technique of rhyme than with the spirit of revolution. One is carried away from contemporary Russia, with its doctrinaire materialism, spiritual shallowness, wholesome indecency, its exaltation of smoke and steel, its impatience with idiosyncrasy,—away from all this into the *fin-de-siècle* world where the cultivated ego in protean disguises, wearing masks exotic and antique, bent over its own image and chose shadows for its playmates.

However, had Brusov been asked to account for his apparent change of front before a jury of puritanical Communists, he might have pleaded, first, that he was the grandson of a peasant; second, that his Muse was not a divinely descended lady, but a hard-working, honest ox; third, that his writings (which fill over twenty volumes and have, in part, been translated into several languages) were no mere fitful inspirations, but were planned and executed in accordance with the dictates of reason, who is the mother of revolution; fourth, that to the making of his prose, especially his two large novels, went that scholarship and research prized by his judges; fifth, that many of his poems take for their subject the city, whose industrial workers are ushering in the new era; sixth, that he had never closed the windows of an ivory tower to the thunder of contemporary events. Final-

ly, he might have produced as exhibit A, a poem written in 1905, which was obviously prophetic of the attitude he was to take in 1917:

The Coming Huns

Where do you stray, heavy Huns,
Who weigh on the world like a cloud?
Far, under Asian suns,
Your cast-iron tread is loud.

Swoop down in a drunken horde
From your dark encampments, rise
In a tide of crimson poured
Over this land that dies.

O slaves of freedom, pitch
Your tent by the palace gate.
Plow deep, did wide the ditch
Where the throne shone on your hate.

Heap books to build a fire!
Dance in their ruddy light.
Foul altar steps with mire:
You are children in our sight.

And we, the poets, the wise,
From the onslaught that darkens and raves,
Defending the torch you despise,
Shall hold it in deserts and caves.

Under the scattering storm,
The tempests that rovin and tear,
What will the hazards of harm
From our long labor spare?

All that we only knew
Shall perish and sink and grow dim.
But you who shall slay me, you
I salute with hosanna and hymn.

As a matter of fact, as Lunacharsky pointed out in an obituary notice, the "Huns" when they came did not heap books to build a fire. Instead, they appointed Brusov to act as chief of the Russian library system, and later enabled him to open a college of literature, where he personally taught the technique of writing, and his assistants passed on the torch of literary culture.

And yet, as I sat with him in his large, chilly study I could not help but feel that in a deeper sense the "Huns" had slain him. His Communism sat upon him as ill as a workman's blouse would have consorted with his stiff white collar. There was a certain pathos in his efforts to identify himself with the new order, where the culture he cherished has, after all, so small a place. He must have recognized that his own work had flourished in the thin soil which the waters of revolution had washed away, and that he could build no bridge between that past and this present. He must have known too that the need of the growing generation is not for such erudite and exquisite productions as his "The Fiery Angel" and "The Altar of Victory," but rather for primers and agricultural bulletins. And yet there was dignity too about his gesture of acceptance. He was living by the text which he used in the speech he delivered at his Jubilee: *Naviget, haec summa res.*

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Archaeology

VILLANOVANS AND EARLY ETRUSCANS. By DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER. Oxford: University Press. \$28.

Art

THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF OIL PAINTING. By HAROLD SPEED. Scribners. 1924.

This bigish book of English make is at once more and less than its title indicates. It discusses quite thoroughly if discursively the practice of oil painting, while the science of the art is virtually neglected. There is incidental discussion of Modernist painting, weighing of the advantage and disadvantage of old and present procedures, with constant useful reference to great paintings of the past. For the beginner Mr. Speed recommends keeping strictly apart exercises in form, tone, and color. The studies in form and tone are to be searching and disciplinary, those in color personal and audacious—loosening up exercises to avoid the cramp that often comes from prolonged and severe tutelage. The book is agreeably written and will interest a thoughtful student. It is an informal discussion of ways and means, without the systematic pretensions of a manual.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50.

Belles Lettres

THE LONDON ADVENTURE. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Knopf. 1924. \$2.

These random thoughts and reminiscences add nothing in particular to Mr. Machen's achievement. The book may mildly entertain an idle hour, but, even as what its subtitle calls it, "An Essay in Wandering," it runs quite thin and is a mere footnote to "Far Off Things." Mr. Machen's vogue is responsible for it. It is "disiecta membra" and an "item" of interest to collectors—little more—though several of the journalistic experiences mentioned in it have flavor, as have some of the jottings from an old notebook.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Translated by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. Harcourt, Brace. 1924. \$2.25.

To be told that these are essays, and to be further informed that they are ethical essays, would probably frighten off most readers. And if we add that they are uneven in merit, and largely lacking in that humor and irony that are supposed indispensable to the brief essay as a literary form, the condemnation might seem to be complete. But it would be a great pity if many readers were thus deterred. For these essays are unique in their penetration and full of new thoughts. The translation is admirable, and many a single phrase has in it the wit and precision of epigram. There is no system of ethics here expounded in any technical fashion, but the matters treated are varied and important enough to stir any thoughtful mind, and some will find in these short chapters a real treasure of intellectual delight. It is a type of writing of which we have had very little in English literature since the age of Bacon.

THE CALL OF THE VELD. By LEONARD FLEMMING. Holt. 1924. \$3.50.

An interpreter of exceptional insight into the meaning of nature and of life is revealed to the readers of this account of pioneering on the South African plains. The book is a story of a twenty years' struggle of the gentleman farmer on the frontier against recurrent drouth, fire and the devouring locusts. It is also a record of progressive mastery of the secrets of successful cultivation of the sun-scorched soil, of the search for suitable grains and fruits, and of the creation of a forest on the grassy veld which never knew the roar of the wind in the trees. It is the romance of a lover of living things who dreamed of the forest he carried in his pocket and then nursed it into being through weary years and of the green avenues whose shade would be welcomed by trekkers of the distant future. The rewards came, the big joys of life, "tens of thousands of trees, shade and rustling leaves, roses and gardens, sun-

flushed grasses, colors by night and colors by day; little lakes with star-shine in them—and exquisite scents."

A devotee of the soil he put up a fight for its control under the sympathetic guidance of loving hands, and nature in her turn taught him of her wisdom and wonderful secrets. Something of the terseness of the newspaper correspondent and the instinct of the dramatist characterizes the style in these pages. They are pervaded by the atmosphere of mysticism like the odor of the half-spent smoke from the camp fire of eucalyptus. After reading this autobiography of a South African the reader understands why the author traversed the jungle of the zoological gardens at Regents Park in the early morning and explored the empty streets of London before dawn. The book invites perusal and meditation.

Biography

THE JOURNAL OF NICHOLAS CRESSWELL. Dial. \$5.00.

DERRICKS OF DESTINY. By SAMUEL GAMBLE BAYNE. Brentano's. \$3.

EPISODES BEFORE THIRTY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Dutton. \$2.50.

FORTY YEARS IN NEWSPAPERDOM. By MILTON A. McRAE. Brentano's.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT NATURALISTS. By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN. Scribners. \$2.50.

PASSING THE TORCH. By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS. Scribners. 75 cents.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. By FRANCIS L. WELLMAN. Macmillan. \$4.

Business

PUBLIC FINANCE. By HARLEY LEIST LUTZ. Appleton. \$4.

THE WAY OUT. By EDWARD A. FILENE. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50 net.

A MANUAL OF OFFICE PRACTICE. By FREDERICK J. ADAMS. Scribners. \$1.25.

ELEMENTS OF BUSINESS STATISTICS. By ROBERT RIEGEL. Appleton. \$4.

PRINCIPLES OF IMPORTING. By WAYNE E. BUTTERBAUGH. Appleton. \$5.

Education

CORRECT ENGLISH THROUGH PRACTICE. By MINNIE E. FROST and MARY L. SECOR. Scribners.

SMITH'S ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY. By JAMES KENDALL. Century.

A LABORATORY OUTLINE OF SMITH'S ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY. By JAMES KENDALL. Century.

EDUCATION AND LIFE. By J. A. DALE. Oxford. \$4.75.

WHAT AILS OUR YOUTH? By GEORGE A. COE. Scribners. \$1.25.

Fiction

THE CROOKED MILE. By BERNARD DE VOTO. Minton, Balch. 1924. \$2.00.

One might wish that there were fewer windings in "The Crooked Mile." It is an excellent piece of psychological analysis, this step-by-step account of the road Gordon Abbey's mind took to liberation; a tortuous way through the barren fields of disillusion. It is an admirable study of the squalidly commercial New West which has supplanted the romance breathing country our fathers read about. Nor is it badly told. The exposition is clear and straightforward and descriptions sometimes attain considerable beauty. But there is no emotional crescendo to lend that interest which pulls the reader from page to page and from chapter to chapter. Mr. De Voto, like many analytic writers, has been so intent upon the psychology of his characters and the sociology of their environment that he has slighted the emotional values of his story.

Beginning with the reaction of a sensitive child to an environment full of natural beauty and understanding relatives the story follows minutely the development of Gordon Abbey's mind up to the time he emerges from the intellectual and emotional chaos of youth. It is the intimate chronicle of a mind too brilliant and a nature too powerful for their environment, searching aimlessly and unhappily for expression. At the core Gordon Abbey is a pioneer, with all the passionate desire of his forefathers to push the frontier a step farther. Discouraged at the result of pioneer-

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

ing as embodied in the vulgar city of Winsor which he calls home, he crushes the desire and tries vainly to find some other release for his energies. He wanders disconsolate from vocation to vocation and from one dissipation to another without finding anything to give him peace with his own nature. Nearly burned in his own fires he succumbs at last to the pioneering impulse and starts building a railroad into the desert. With his surrender comes peace.

The "Crooked Mile" is a book which needed to be written. We have had so much sentimental nonsense about the West that we have not realized the change which has come upon it. Young Abbey's reaction to Winsor is the result of this change, as was the migration of his ancestors a reaction to the changing East of their day. But the dead level of emotion upon which the narrative runs makes it monotonous to read. Mr. De Voto has forgotten that one of a fictionist's first duties is to furnish a readable story, whatever form he chooses to cast it in.

THE THING IN THE WOODS. By HARPER WILLIAMS. McBride. 1924. \$2.

Is there anyone in this age of realism in literature and drama who can resist an occasional excursion into the realm of the supernatural? Who has not shivered, deliciously thrilled by the horror of the vampire Dracula loosed in a modern London?

"The Thing in the Woods" brings a similar situation to our own door step. A young interne seeking a vacation accepts the practice of an old college chum for the summer months.

Arrived in the unimaginative community of a Pennsylvania Dutch colony, he finds the stolid natives aroused to a frenzy of fear. The pastoral beauty of the countryside is made sinister by the "Thing." The fall of night brings a danger that the very imagination shrinks from naming.

Equally detrimental to the doctor's peace of mind is the presence of Miss Lessing. This young lady proves quite as much of a problem as the thing which threatens all their lives.

Mr. Williams has endowed his characters with delightful humor. They never stoop to the banal and are always interesting.

Let us warn you, however, that one does not find the key to the situation in the second chapter—or even in the middle of the book. It is not until the author's own time that one comes upon a clue. Personally, we shall never again visit in rural Pennsylvania overnight.

THE MASTER REVENGE. By H. A. CODY. Doran. 1924. \$2.

This amusing novel is the story of Nathan Strong, an ex-convict, who has been wronged and who revenges the "villain" by forgiving him. Nathan feels himself akin to Dante and to David Grayson. He loves justice and the pure Helen, who has been married by the villain during Nathan's stay in prison. And then when Nathan has a chance to control the villain, when he has him in his power he forgives him. That is the master revenge; forgiveness. It is all deliciously absurd with its hackneyed characters, Helen, Nathan, Ned Preston, and round faced children who never cry, and with the weather so absolutely at Nathan's command, expressing all his moods. The book ends with Helen at the organ playing "There's a Long, Long Trail . . ." and Nathan beside her kissing her hair. But to get the full amount of enjoyment from this book, mental, moral and spiritual, one should be an undeveloped, under-nourished factory worker, or a dressmaker who has a sign in the window and no work in the house, or a man who reads daily in the park while his wife supports him.

ACES. A Collection of Short Stories. Putnam. 1924. \$2.

A collection of short stories by such writers as Dorothy Canfield, Edna Ferber, Zangwill, Octavus Roy Cohen, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mrs. Rinehart, Zona Gale, Bruno Lessing, Kathleen Norris, Benjamin R. Sher, G. B. Stern and Thyra Samter Winslow hardly needs any explanatory comment as to its contents and quality. The title is a happy choice, especially as most of the stories represent the author's best, most characteristic work. For instance, Miss Ferber has chosen to be represented by

"Old Man Minnick," which comes near to being a high water mark in the flood of such fiction of the past few years. The volume was compiled through the efforts of the Community Workers of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind, to raise funds for the work at their Center which aims to make the blind self-supporting. The authors represented here have contributed selections of their stories in aid of that cause. A glance at the table of names will suggest that the collection offers an unusual variety, of grave and gay, of humorous, sentimental and pathetic.

OM. By TALBOT MUNDY. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill. 1924. \$2.

This book is an excellent antidote for those who found the acute, unsparing modernism of Forster's "Passage to India" a purge for romance. Mr. Mundy writes of the India of "Kim," where Englishmen have learned strange secrets, Lamas have strange power, and mystery passes by night along the hidden Middle Way. But though more theatrical than "Kim," "Om" is not melodrama, or rather not too melodramatic. It is the story of an Englishman who seeks the mystery of a hidden Himalayan valley and finds there a philosophy of living. The Ring-ding Gelong Lama of this book is more heroic than Kipling's appealing figure, there is more high mystery and less art, but nevertheless "Om" is perhaps the best romance of secret India since its great prototype. It was Rider Haggard who began in our time these stories of hidden civilizations. No one has beaten him at straight story-telling, but his African stories are thin beside Mr. Mundy's story which is enriched by what is clearly a first-hand knowledge of India and Buddhist idealism. The taste for Gothic romances like this one is eternal. The Greeks wrote them, and they will be written in the thirtieth century. It is a satisfaction to find one, with all the proper thrills and exaltations, which at the same time is solidly and sometimes beautifully written, charged with thought, and full of excellent narrative. Excitement and satisfaction join.

WIDENING WATERS. By MARGARET HILL McCARTER. Harpers. 1924. \$2.

About the contest for water and water rights among the mountains and deserts of New Mexico, Miss McCarter has woven a Western story modelled very much according to conventional patterns. There is the bright young stranger who resolves to win his livelihood in the West, and who, from his first appearance, is branded unmistakably as "the hero"; there is the fascinating young girl persecuted by her step-mother, falling in love from the beginning with the hero, and labelled no less unmistakably "the heroine"; and there are the usual intrigues with murderous Mexicans, covetous landowners and other characters necessary to add complication and variety to the plot. But the story is written in a style certainly not less competent than the average; it catches picturesquely the wild natural atmosphere of the undeveloped West; it is constructed as well as most novels of its type; and, if one be a lover of the standard brand of Western fiction, it is certain to hold one's interest once one has caught the main drift of the narrative.

THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE. By JOHN TAINE. \$4.

THE FLOWER BENEATH THE FOOT. By RONALD FIRBANK. Brentano's. \$2.

DRAMATIC STORIES OF JESUS. By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2 net.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLACK-GUARD. By RAYMOND PATON. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

THE HEAVEN ON THE SEA. By SULAMITH ISH-KISHOR. New York: Bloch. \$1.50.

SIMPLES. By IAN IRONS. Seltzer. \$2.

MISS PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By CONCORDIA MERREL. Seltzer. \$2.

Juvenile

THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK.

Edited by FRANKLIN K. MATTHEWS. Appleton. 1924. \$2.50.

The scouts year book appears again in good time to serve as a holiday gift to boys. It is as always clean and wholesome; its fiction is interesting and encourages a good spirit of sportsmanship. The tales are divided into four main groups, including adventure, animal and human, and stories of boys who made good. Two other groups deal with things boys can make with hands and tools, indoors and out. The old favorite, Dan Beard, supplies the lore of the woodsman.

Speaking of Books

Killing and Fixing

agents, and sectioning and staining plant material are described so definitely and fully by Professor Chamberlain that perfect laboratory results may almost be predicted. The technique of plant histology has been advancing rapidly in recent years, and in this thoroughly revised edition no improvement in any method has been overlooked. The introduction of American stains, which are becoming very accurately standardized, has alone occasioned many modifications throughout. *Methods in Plant Histology*. By Charles J. Chamberlain. \$3.25, postpaid \$3.35.

Families of Plants

are described, analyzed, and discussed by Professor E. C. Jeffrey, who is easily the leading American authority on the anatomy of plants. His volume contains much original material, and remains the standard work in this field. *The Anatomy of Woody Plants*. By E. C. Jeffrey. \$4.75, postpaid \$4.87.

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THE RADIO GUNNER. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.

Here is a boy's book dealing with radio and naval affairs of the future, a story of scientific adventure which will also interest adults. In 1937 comes an unexpected world-war, into which the United States is drawn. Jim Evans serves therein the Secretary of the Navy and makes remarkable scientific play with radio. Written with some crudity, the book is chiefly notable for imaginative ingenuity of conception. It has a Jules Verne touch—if no more than a touch—and takes advantage of the contemporary interest in radio. The narrative is full of exciting incident.

THE SILVER TARN. By KATHARINE ADAMS. Macmillan. \$2.

WONDER TALES FROM FAR AWAY. By FREDERICK H. MARTENS. McBride. \$2.50 net.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE BOOK FOR YOUNG FOLKS. By ROSETTA C. GOLDSMITH and SYLVIA WEIL. Simon & Schuster.

THE CHILDREN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE BOOK. By JANE BLACK. Simon & Schuster. \$1.

SQUIFFER. By HAL GARROTT. McBride. \$2.50 net.

PORRIDGE POETRY. By HUGH LOFTING. Stokes. \$1.25 net.

THE COLONIAL TWINS OF VIRGINIA. By LUCY FITCH PERKINS. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75.

NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES. Translated by HELEN and JOHN GADE. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

SILVERHORN. By HILDA CONKLING. Stokes. \$2.50 net.

FEATS ON THE FIORD. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Macmillan. \$1.75.

Miscellaneous

DOGS AND MEN. By MARY ANSELL. Scribner's. 1924. \$1.50.

These fond armchair memories of dogs, with disparagements of men, acquire an interest when their author permits it to appear that she was Lady Barrie, giving pleasant surface glimpses of her life in that capacity and telling of the dogs that were Barrie's models for Nana in "Peter Pan." Her use of this material is frugal and is kept within "good taste," yet there is no doubt of its being a bid for readers. Apart from it the book is hardly noteworthy. The general effect of the writing, confirmed by the tenor of some passages, is to suggest a rather childlike personality, embittered by hard experience, doing its best in the character of a captivating essayist.

THE ART OF HELPING PEOPLE OUT OF TROUBLE. By KARL DESCHWEINITZ. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.

Practical and helpful, this book analyses the causes of happiness and of unhappiness, shows how the first can be brought about, and the second overcome. It considers the troubles that arise in the life of every human being, and, based on long experience with the social case method, it not only indicates the scientific principles of treatment and cure of trouble, but also breathes the human spirit essential to the application of such principles. Human beings, if rightly directed, says this book in every line, have the ability to put up game fights, and lessen their difficulties, no matter how great, if they will but help themselves and help others.

The author, a sympathetic, clear-sighted social worker of wide experience, neither lets his subject slip nor yet reveals on it the finger marks of pressure. In consequence the book will be found of value to parents, teachers, physicians, and others who, even in the slightest ways, occupy positions where persons can and must be influenced.

THE BOOK OF HOBBIES. By CHARLES WILLIAM TAUSSIG and THEODORE ARTHUR MEYER. Minton, Balch. 1924. \$3.

There is a superabundance of books dealing with particular hobbies, from book collecting to corks, old masters to postage stamps, but the authors of this volume have hit upon something new in providing a sort of preliminary guide book to help a prospective hobbyist to choose which sort of steed he shall mount. "Each chapter," it is explained, "devoted to a separate hobby, contains sufficient information to enable the reader to ascertain if that hobby will please him, and to derive such instruction that he may intelligently adopt it." It is explained, correctly enough, that there are three chief types of hobbies: "the acquiring of knowledge, the acquiring of things, and the creating of things." The

first two will often coalesce, and one might make a fourth class of the doing of things—e. g., fishing, golf, or any game pursued in the spirit of the hobbyist. But the chief class is that of the "acquiring of things," or collecting. This volume glances at the others, as in its chapters on the Radio, on Angling, Photography, etc., but naturally most of the advice is to prospective collectors. Prints, books, stamps, china and porcelain, furniture, playing cards, and autographs are discussed at some length. The authors make no pretense to covering the subject: naturally there is space for but the briefest introduction to each class, but the selection of points is well made, excellently calculated to arouse interest, and to show the beginner how to go about his hobby. Each chapter has a brief bibliography, the book is indexed and very well illustrated.

A DICTIONARY OF SIMILES. By FRANK J. WILSTACH. Little, Brown. \$4 net.

CONSCIOUS AUTOSUGGESTION. By EMILE COUE and J. L. ORTON. Appleton. \$1.25.

MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Knopf. \$2.75 net.

Poetry

LOVES AND LOSSES OF PIERROT. By WILLIAM GRIFFITH. Dutton. 1924. \$2.

The great virtue of Mr. Griffith's poetry is a sort of delicate and sustained charm, a butterfly-wing-like softness of touch that is unerring in its almost impalpable emphasis. Of course, his Pierrots and Pierrettes, his Columbines and Yvonnas are obvious symbols, dancing and wistful emanations of the eternally fading beauty of the world and the brevity of life, and yet he manages to imbue these passionately fond fantasticks with a poignancy that is unmistakable. Part of his success is due to a bird-like lyrical note that is clear and unalloyed; the rest is the result of an atmospheric suggestion and trembling sensitivity. It is a limited poetry but only limited by the conventions of the subject and, indeed, it is no small triumph to employ the time-honored and much-worked artifices of a poetic convention and so reanimate them as to cause them to spin in the agreeably surprised reader's mood like colored butterflies. The fact that "Loves and Losses of Pierrot" is a revised version of a book that has been out some years takes no whit away from its gentle and rather melancholy charm.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE MANOLA. With a Memorial by RUPERT HUGHES. Harpers. 1924.

The interest of these poems issues less from their intrinsic merit than from the remarkable and tragic personality of the author. A versatile woman of undoubted gifts and a distinctive individuality, she took her own life "one lonely midnight on a French ship in the harbor of Haiphong in French Indo-China"; and something of the pathos of her death and the mystery of her character may be gleaned from the brief but affecting memorial with which her husband, Rupert Hughes, has prefaced the book. Of the poems themselves, one is sorry to have to say that they hardly seem to justify Mr. Hughes's exuberant praise, though that praise is easy to condone; the majority are experiments in *vers libre*, and are no more striking for their lyrical quality, their emotional force, or their imagery than the average work in the modern formless medium. Occasionally, although rarely, the author has recourse to rhyme and a regular rhythm, and in such cases her efforts are not always without success.

A HARP IN THE WINDS. By DANIEL HENDERSON. Appleton. \$1.25.

Religion

LIBERALIZING LIBERAL JUDAISM. By JAMES WATERMAN WISE. Macmillan. \$1.50.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF SCIENCE TO RELIGION. By SHAILER MATHEWS. Appleton. \$3.

A HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH TO 1835. By CLIFTON HARTWELL BREWER. Yale University Press. \$4.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By W. B. SELBIE. Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

Travel

EVERYWHERE. By A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR. Stokes. 2 vols.

RAINBOW BRIDGE. By CHARLES L. BERNHEIMER. Doubleday, Page. \$6 net.

A BOOK OF SUNSETS. By WILLIAM L. STIDGER. Abingdon. \$1 net.



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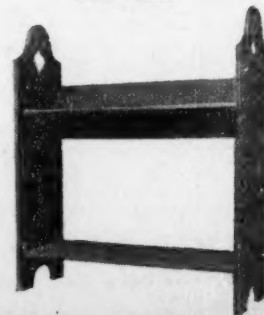
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Points of View

In a Bookshop

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Let me tell you an experience I had the other day. A man came in (we'll call him Mr. —) and told me I ought to carry in stock books in French—novels, poetry, and such by Anatole France and other well-known and worthy authors. Yes, I knew all about that; intended to some day. Mr. — then said, "I'll be in Paris in three weeks and will select a few books to start you off." No, I wouldn't let him do that; too much bother, and so on. But he insisted. Said he had leisure, and money, and liked to do such things. "All right," said I, "I'll give you a check now for \$100.00 and you send along some French books." Then he said I should carry in stock some of the good old English books, in fine but not too expensive bindings. I agreed with that. Said he'd be in London in the spring and would select a shelf of such books. I said all right again. Then I said, "I'll give you a check now for the French books." (I never saw the man before this talk.) "No, I'll pay for them, send you the invoice and you credit me with the amount on your ledger. And I'll do the same with the English books. Then when I want any books from America, I'll write you and you can charge them against the credit." What would you have said? I believe I said about what you would have. Of course I accepted, but am I sentimental when I tell you that a lump started in my throat? No one ever did anything like that in my forty odd years. Then I learned he was rich; has a chalet in Switzerland; is a member of the London Alpine Club; has one of the finest collections of books on mountaineering in existence; was born in Indiana; hasn't worked since he was twenty-one, but feels his time has been well spent; has given many books to the public library of his birthplace, including original letters of Byron,—etc. of similar nature. Amy Beach calls him our fairy godfather. And now there's the fun of looking forward to the package of books from France! And then the pleasure of caressing the package with one's mind before it is opened; and then the sheer enjoyment (that comes up to the joy that was anticipated) when the books are fondled, and marked, and shelved.

Oh, boy! this life certainly beats catching 'em with the dotted line! I didn't realize how much I hated the insurance business until I got away from it.

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To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the *Review* of October 18th, there was an article by Matlack Price on American book illustrations, some of the statements of which are so obviously wide of the mark as to deserve attention.

In the first place, there is little illustrating of books for two reasons: The cost is, regardless of what Mr. Price or any other artist may think, a heavy addition to the book, and the price must be raised unless we are to cut the royalties of artist and author; and when this is done, the public, already protesting at the high cost of ephemeral novels, will refuse to buy. The second reason is artistic rather than commercial. Mr. Price proposes to desecrate "Balisand" and "Java Head" with the hastily executed drawings used in serial publication! Quite aside from the fact that these pictures do not belong in these books, we have to contend with the aesthetic reader's unwillingness to have his imagination supplemented, and even spoiled, by pictures which pretend to interpret characters. Mr. Hergesheimer drew them for us as well as he could, and if unimaginative readers need further outlines, let them get the movie edition.

At dragging into the discussion such men as Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy and Charles Dana Gibson, with all their mediocre skill, I do protest. Book collecting is a pretty good standard by which to judge the merits of things; and in all collections of books that I know of, these men have no representation whatever. They are distinctly out of date. And all the host of magazine illustrators whom Mr. Price hauls into view will also go out of date. He speaks of children's books, bringing forth the questionable Falls' alphabet volume as the single example of good illustrating of children's books in America. But he seems to forget Maurice Day, who did the Henry Beston fairy books in such delightful fashion. I do admit the superi-

ority of the English in illustration; but I do not believe that good American artists are being disgracefully neglected. Wherever they show talent, they are given a chance; but few show talent. The publishers are not to blame.

Publishers are being blamed right and left for everything nowadays, at the very time when they are showing more intelligence and feeling and artistry than they ever did before. Even the more commercial among them have their lucid intervals. Very little good work escapes publication, for there is a great deal of shoddy or mediocre stuff done, but little of brilliance. There is always room for merit, and if American illustrators will show that merit, they will get the proper chance to illustrate the books that need illustration.

No, novels are not ordinarily illustrated, and if we look back upon the awful examples of the early 1900's, we may see easily enough why this is so. Novels are not being illustrated, and in their first editions they ought not to be. It spoils the reader's joy to have to leave the characters of a novel within a rigid frame made by an illustrator, and this joy is all the more ruined by a mediocre artist. By Mr. Price's own confession, most of our American illustrators are less interested in doing worth while work than in making money:

"Artists are popularly supposed, and especially by business men, to be approximately half loony and entirely unbusiness-like—but they do possess enough of the business instincts of their sterner brethren (*sic!*) of the counting-houses to devote their time and talent to the work that pays them best. And we cannot seriously blame them for this."

No, we cannot. That is their profession, and it is not true art: indeed, it scarcely ever rises to the dignity of interpretive art, much less creative. I can recall quite a few fine artists of our past, like Will H. Low and Charles Robinson, who did illustrating; but it was not for novels but for fairy tales and romances and poetry—and what illustrating it was! Their hearts were in their work, even though it was only a side-issue to their more important mural painting or portrait or landscape art. They thought first of art, afterward of money, if at all. And they are by no means wealthy now, such of them as are alive; but they have a very healthy satisfaction in the work that they have done.

Magazine illustrating, on the whole, is merely a series of stereotyped sketches, done every week or every month for immediate publication, and the men who give themselves over to this work are really little better than the advertising artists—most of them, indeed, go in for both to get more money. And we are asked to embalm this stuff in books!

Let us read the books that we love and form our own ideas of their characters before some other eye than the author's and ours has visioned them for us. Then it will be time enough for the illustrator's comment.

WILBUR NEEDHAM.

Carmel-by-the-Sea

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Return to the city, write of the country. The someone who said that was very right. Nostalgia's a driving urge. . . . Back in the south of California its north still clings to me. My eyes see whimsical pepper palms, orange and fig trees. But I see instead droll dwarfish Monterey cypress with green weather-flattened tops underscored with red rust, pines and firs, the milk-white, fine-powdered sand of the dunes, a craggy coast, and the Mediterranean blue Pacific. My ears hear the scream of locomotives—than which nothing suggests more acutely the futility and transitoriness of things—the throb of motor traffic, the pattering of urbane lawn sprinklers, kiddies roller skating on the pavements. But I sense again the salt wind in moss-draped pines, the ocean's rhythmic beat on an immaculate shore; or the lazy, loose pushing of waves shuffling indolently along a windless beach; or the "prinking" little footfalls of quail in the scattering of pine needle on the roof. Back in the southland's city I think endlessly of Monterey.

There's an anodyne for such nostalgia—at least for some of us. And that's a cloistered path of the library. The chance to sweep up the crisp dried literary leaves of summer into hurried little autumn piles for quick raking over. . . . So with the thought of Carmel, Monterey County, in my heart and the *Saturday Review* of September 20th in my hand, and my eye on Ford Madox Ford's article on the migration

of the Young American Writer to Paris everything somehow gets all mixed up.

Is Mr. Ford as utterly right as he sounds? I wonder. He has never been to Carmel-by-the-Sea. It's very obvious. There—and he should come one day and see for himself—the dear young writer may live ever so cheaply, paying only a few sous for rent. He may live blissfully undisturbed in warm fragrant clearings among the pines or in the hollows of the dunes. Even the crass non-literary—merchants and summer people included—are sweetly indulgent waiting month in, month out, until their artistic tenants have sold a picture, a story, an etching. They dote with genuine enthusiasm on the artist or writer—when he lets them know him. They give him quick sympathy when their temperaments let them follow him. When he goes where they cannot follow they allow him ungrudgingly a superior understanding.

There in Carmel-by-the-Sea a house is not essential. I learned that this summer. A young poet—puppet master and actor to boot—slept his summer nights in a cozy

sleeping bag under the welcoming stage of the open air Forest Theatre. In the austere rustic dressing rooms two other artists enjoyed free rent. And the poet made deep really-true poems and funny little ones about how they all lived so happily. There was one of daringly domestic aroma, "Dishes, pots, pans I am alone at the center," or something like that.

So what Mr. Ford said does not apply to Carmel, how the American writer has to migrate to Paris or else live "in an embattled minority in the midst of an embittered and hostile tribe of savages." Carmel is not thus but a delightful alternative to Paris, as far from America as is the French capital itself. And in its own salty, foggy, sandy way it's a counter irritant to Paris—ask anyone who has been to both places. So I repeat it for Mr. Ford that Carmel-by-the-Sea is one American locality—and I suspect there are others did one but search sincerely—where the "arts are held in some honor."

ELEANOR TAYLOR HOUGHTON,
Pasadena, Calif.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.



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A BALANCED RATIO FOR WEEK-END READING

THE WEEK-END BOOK. (Dial Press.)

THE PEASANTS. By WLADYSLAW REYMONT. (Knopf.)

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND HUMAN WELFARE. By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS. (Macmillan.)

R. O. P. S. says he has become suddenly interested in parody, and asks for books that treat the subject technically or psychologically, or contain original parodies.

HE has read Carolyn Wells's "Parody Anthology," J. C. Squire's "Collected Parodies," Max Beerbohm's "Christmas Garland," Christopher Ward's "Triumph of the Nut" and "Gentleman into Goose," Louis Untermeyer's "Including Horace" and "—And Other Poets," and H. S. Saunders's "Parodies on Whitman," also the parodies of Phoebe Cary and C. S. Calverley. This is a great list, but there are plenty more that would grace it. There is, to start at the top, "Twisted Tales" (Holt), a new book by the most subtle and penetrating parodist of today, who will at once be recognized as Christopher Ward. That he is also one of the most good-tempered is another proof that his work is in the high tradition. There are the uproarious travesties in "Nonsense Novels" and "Winsome Winnie," by Stephen Leacock (Dodd, Mead) and his Russian novel in "Further Foolishness" that makes me laugh only to remember it. There is "The Parody Outline of History," by Donald Ogden Stewart (Doran), which is really one of our most searching analyses of literary style, and his "Perfect Behavior" (Doran), that should be read by the young lady who thought that *filet mignon* was fish so she will not care whether it was or not. There is "The Outline of Everything," by "Hector B. Toogood" (Little, Brown), that sat on the top of the "Outlines" and kept them from going any further, as the "Cruise of the Kawa" circumscribed the further activities of South Sea travelers. There are Margaret Widdemer's delicious imitations of present-day poets in "A Tree with a Bird in It" (Harcourt, Brace). There is a volume of "Parodies Regained," by the contributor to *Punch* called "Evoc" (Methuen), in which there is a marvelous duet between Thomas Hardy and Alfred Noyes, both speaking at once, even better than the simultaneous remarks by Henry James and George Moore in Wells's "Boon" (Macmillan). And now comes one of the very best of the lot, imbedded in the "Memories and Adventures" of Arthur Conan Doyle (Doran)—a burlesque by James Matthew Barrie of a Sherlock Holmes adventure, quite too good for me to give it away by telling a word of the plot. These Doyle reminiscences, by the way, make engrossing reading and excellent reading-aloud, the accounts of his experiences as assistant to a quack-doctor in Portsmouth are alone worth getting the book for.

L. M. B., New York, asks if a history of the Non-Partisan League of North Dakota has yet been written.

BESIDES any amount of polemic literature, mostly against it, in pamphlet form, there have been at least three books about the League, "The Non-Partisan League," by Herbert E. Gaston (Harcourt, Brace), is from the inside, written by one who saw it built up, as Townley put it, on "an idea, a Ford and \$16"; naturally, it is favorable. "The Story of the Non-Partisan League," by Charles Edward Russell (Harper), is sympathetic; the author treats it as "a chapter in American evolu-

tion," and puts the reader in a frame of mind to get the farmer's point of view by opening with a hotel dinner costing two farmers \$11.95 for which they had provided the materials for the sum of 84 cents. The latest book to appear is "Non-Partisan League," by Andrew A. Bruce (Macmillan), professor of law at the University of Minnesota and former chief justice of the state of North Dakota. This is calm, statistical and unfavorable; it gives an impartial statement of conditions.

W. J. H., New York, whose boyhood hero was Robinson Crusoe, still cherishes his first copy, published in boards by the W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Ind., inexpensive, but complete, that is, with the Second Part of Defoe's story, which he finds is not included in the edition at present on the market. He asks what edition, American or English, retains Defoe's original English, even if with modernized spellings, as he finds that texts, even of the First Part, vary considerably.

THE world's authority on Defoe being Professor William P. Trent, I am fortunate in being permitted to reply to this question with his much-appreciated assistance. He says that from the point of view of scholarship the text of "Robinson Crusoe"—all three parts—he wonders if W. J. H. knows of the existence of the third part, as most people do not seem to be aware of it—is in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state as regards minute points. There have been some recent attempts at a scholarly text for Part I, but they are for school use. If Professor Trent's collection of "Robinsons" is a criterion, W. J. H. is correct in holding that Part I is often published alone, but in that collection are numerous editions, some cheap, some expensive, all fairly modern in appearance—though few are dated—containing both parts in a text that of course wouldn't suit scholars but would probably be sufficient for the general reader's purposes. He has "a very nice copy of a two-volume edition issued by Houghton Mifflin in 1908," several cheap editions with Burt's imprint, and an edition published by McKay, Philadelphia, all in print, containing both parts. In the "Golden Treasury" and "Globe" series of Macmillan, "Robinson" appears edited in the first instance by J. W. Clark, of Trinity College, Cambridge, a competent scholar of the past generation; in the second, less carefully, by Henry Kingsley.

He adds that "the practical impossibility of getting an accurate reprint of the first edition even of Part I is amusingly illustrated in the case of a so-called 'face-simile' issued in London in 1883 with an introduction by Austin Dobson, undoubtedly an admirable authority on many phases of 18th century literature. Unfortunately he trusted to his printers, who assured him

(Continued on next page)

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The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

that they were following verbatim a copy of the first edition, and lo and behold, twenty-seven years later a young Swede writing a dissertation on the spelling of Defoe examines Dobson's face-simile and says it is crammed with errors, and as a matter of fact it is, and hurts the poet's feelings greatly!

And speaking of the English of Defoe, has anyone noticed that this is the stuff of which Christopher Ward's peerless parody, "Gentleman Into Goose" (Holt) is made? There are, I am assured by those who should know, not ten words in it that are not words of his. It is indeed less a parody of Mr. Garnett's book than an independent piece of literary recreation.

J. E. E., Jacksonville, Tex., asks for material for a Pushkin program for a study club.

WITH a life whose facts are the very fabric of romance, with a fame so great in Slavonic countries that there is almost no end to Pushkin literature in Russian, where none of the classic writers has been studied so carefully as he and where Pushkinism has become a science, it is curious that in English so little has been written about him and so little of his translated. His political drama, "Boris Godunov," translated by Alfred Hayes, is published by Dutton; a volume of "Prose Tales" is in Bohn's Popular Library; "Eugene Onegin," once in English, is out of print; his dramatic poem, "Mozart and Salieri," is in *Poet Lore*, 1920; the text of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Coq d'Or" was adapted by W. Bielskij from Pushkin, and we took some of him in the original Russian at the "Chauve Souris," possibly without realizing it. There is some of his verse in "Modern Russian Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace), translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. The English-reading student must depend for the story of his life on the various manuals of Russian literature, the encyclopedias, especially the "Britannica," and "Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature." One who reads French has much more: Emile Hauman's "Pouchkine" is in the series "Les Grands Ecrivains Etrangers" (Bloud) and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1920 had an article on his duel and death. Pushkin is the hero of Edna Worthley Underwood's recently published novel, "The Passion Flower" (Houghton Mifflin), second of a trilogy begun by "The Penitent"; it is as accurate as most historical romances and much more vivid and thrilling than many of them are.

Program makers will be glad to know that Bessie Graham in "The Bookman's Manual" (Bowker), a work of high usefulness to clubs as well as to booksellers, lists Russian translations in print, as well as many from other languages.

J. C. H., Pine Bush, N. Y., is secretary of a public library with a decided and diversified taste for detective stories. Some like Doyle, others light mystery stories with a love interest, but all would be the happier for a list of recent novels under this general head.

WHEN someone once asked me for "detective stories a gentleman could read," I did not make the obvious reply that detective stories for perfect gentlemen are comparatively rare, crime being largely in the hands of the lower classes, because I did recognize the sort of book she meant—well-written novels whose interest, but not whose sole interest, lies in unravelling a crime mystery, and whose characters move in circles at least respectable and preferably exalted. A story, for instance, like "The Red House Mystery," by A. A. Milne (Dutton), which this inquiry inspired me once more to read, and to find its dialogue as amusing as ever. The advantage of buying novels like this is that they can be read after the plot-secret is out. I am willing at any time to read anything that J. S. Fletcher will write, and he is thoughtfully providing me with enough to fill any time I may have to spare: "The Mazaroff Mystery" (Knopf), "Rippling Ruby" (Putnam), "The Safety Pin" (Putnam), "The Heaven-Kissed Hill" (Doran), "The Time-Worn Town" (Knopf), "The Markenmore Mystery" (Knopf), all within the last few months. Some I understand are reprints, but as I began to read Fletcher when most of us did, one lap behind President Wilson, any old one is new to me.

World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE HUNTINGTON CALIFORNIANA
H. O. STECHHAN contributes an interesting article to the October number of *The Bookman's Journal* on "The Famous Huntington Library and its rare Californiana." In his concluding paragraphs, he says:

"By reason of recent additions of California items, the Henry E. Huntington Library is now said to surpass in printed matter the famous Bancroft collection of Californiana, at the University of California, in Berkeley. Besides the vast number of printed books, original, unpublished manuscripts of California are not wanting. Among them are the Fort Sutter Papers, long lost, but recently brought to light. Another priceless collection is the records of the San Francisco Vigilantes of 1856. The latest purchase of noteworthy Californiana consists of thirty-three autograph letters of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, often referred to as 'the greatest missionary who labored in North America,' though he is not so well known as Marquette, La Salle or even the good Junipero Serra. Father Kino's letters were written to the Duchess d'Aveiro d'Arcos y Maquedo, his patroness in Madrid, between 1680 and 1683, when the 'Apostle to California' travelled this great Southwest. While much of the material has been catalogued, there is still a great deal to be examined and classified. It is estimated that there is something like 100,000 volumes in packing cases in the basement of the Huntington Library still unopened. Dr. Cole says that it will probably be two years more before all of these books have been assorted out and put in their proper places; and until that is done the library will not be formally opened. When it is the prediction is made that enough original matter of an authentic nature, such as the Kino Letters and the Mason Laws, etc., will be placed at the disposal of students to necessitate the rewriting of several chapters in the early history of California."

A new thriller that kept the world's literature at bay for four consecutive hours last week is "The Cask," by Freeman Wills Croft (Seltzer). Gold coins drop from a crack in it and then you look in and see a hand. Now go on with the story. Seltzer has an eye for crime; he brought out last year "The Brooklyn Murders," by G. D. H. Cole, not about our blameless borough, but made in England, as one is warned by the bobby on the cover. The catch is that two men have apparently instantly killed each other, but have died in different places, which naturally makes it harder. "The Phone Booth Mystery," by Ralph Ironsides (Holt), is just that: a diplomat's wife is killed in one, and as you might guess from the title, Marjorie Carlton's "Their Dusty Hands" (Brimmer) deals with hidden treasure. "The Master Criminal," by Jefferson Farjeon (Dial Press), really lives up to this good title, and Denis Mackail's "The Majestic Mystery" (Houghton Mifflin) fulfils expectations. "The Shot," by Sybil Creed (Doran), is about interesting people. Anna Katherine Green's last novel, "The Step on the Stair" (Dodd, Mead) is quite as exciting as the old "Hand and Ring" and more plausible. You are safe in buying for investment "The Three Hostages," by John Buchan (Doran), and "The Three of Clubs," by Valentine Williams (Houghton Mifflin). "The London Adventures of Mr. Collin," by Frank Heller (Crowell), recounts the escapades of a charming villain. Admirers of William Le Queux will want his "The Crystal Claw" (Macaulay). Strange detectives continue to practice: A. E. W. Mason's in "The House of the Arrow" (Doran) is a psychic, and Ernest Bramah's, in the distinctive short stories called "The Eyes of Max Corrados" (Doran), is blind. "Wind's End," by Herbert Asquith (Scribner), is unusually good in rustic characters; it slays by science. In "Who Killed Cock Robin?", by Harrington Hext (Macmillan), the victim is not murdered until two-thirds through the book nor the murderer suspected until almost the last page. In "Walker of the Secret Service," by Melville Davison Post (Appleton), a train-rover becomes a U. S. detective; much excitement, as also in "The Twisted Foot," by William Patterson White (Little, Brown). I hope many read this book and they will if all the kinds of readers that would enjoy it get together—cowboy enthusiasts, mysterious crime readers and lovers of love-stories and of brisk and amusing dialogue. Honoré Willson Morrow's "The Devonshers" (Stokes) involves not only a murder but a court trial. You

THE ARNOLD SALE

THE sale of the William Harris Arnold collection of books, autograph letters, k and manuscripts at the Anderson Galleries, November 10 and 11, will hold a place of distinction in bibliographical annals. It was expected that these rarities would bring good prices, and the value of the collection was generally estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$75,000. The 1,130 lots, however, brought the remarkable price of \$148,738, which is even a greater surprise than the sale of the Conrad manuscripts last year.

The star lot was the manuscript of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" which brought \$10,000. Other Stevenson items brought high prices. "A Child's Garden of Verse," London, 1885, rare first edition and dedication copy with inscription to his old nurse, "Alison Cunningham, Bournemouth, 15th March, 1885, R. L. S.," sold for \$2,000. A manuscript note book containing memoranda for "Travels with a Donkey," also brought \$2,000. The autograph manuscript of "Requiem," the first and last verses of which became Stevenson's epitaph, a single quarto page, fetched \$1,500. Here were four items that totalled \$15,500.

The biggest surprise came in the Tennyson first editions, known as "trial firsts." "The Victim," 8vo., morocco, Canford Manor, 1867, only known copy, brought \$9,000; "The True and the False," 12mo., original calf, London, 1859, one of two known copies, \$7,000; "The Lover's Tale," 12mo., brown paper wrappers, London, 1833, earliest in order of date of Tennyson's trial books, \$6,900; "Timbuctoo," 8vo., stitched, in case, Cambridge, 1829, one of three known copies, \$2,000; "Enid and Nimue; or, The True and the False," folded sheets, uncut, held together with silk strings, one of three known copies, \$2,000; the manuscript of "Mungo the American," 8 pages, 8vo., written when Tennyson was fourteen years old, \$900. These six items

(Continued on page 335)

get more than one trial, however, in Francis L. Wellman's new book of recollections, "Gentlemen of the Jury" (Macmillan), all real ones, not yet faded from memory and not among those given a permanent place in literature by E. L. Pearson's "Studies in Murder" (Macmillan).

C. C., Wheeling, W. Va., asks where to get a reasonably-priced edition of the works of Voltaire.

I FIND in Bessie Graham's "Bookman's Manual" (Bowker), where one should go for questions like this and for many others, the information that a set of translations of a large number of his works was published in 43 volumes in 1901 by Edwin C. Hill Co., N. Y., for subscription sale, and afterwards reprinted by Lamb and later in 22 volumes by the New Werner Co. These are now out of print. You will have to pick up your Voltaire where you can, "Candide," in Boni & Liveright's "Modern Library," and in an edition published by Brentano, "Toleration," from Putnam; "Tales," including "Babou" and "L'Ingénue," from Bohn's (Harcourt, Brace); the "Life of Charles XII," in Everyman's; "Zadig and Other Romances," in the fine series known as the Broadway Translations (Dutton). The Voltaire treasure this year is the collection of short articles published in 1764 under the title of "Dictionnaire Philosophique," and containing the essence of his philosophy and practice. This has just been brought out in English as "Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary" (Knopf), selected, edited and translated by H. I. Woolf. There are selections from his works in "Voltaire," one of the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers" (Lippincott). I like best the "Life of Voltaire," by S. G. Tallentyre (Putnam), a lady who has written also a study of "Voltaire in His Letters" (Putnam), as well as some novels of her own. Scribner publishes Espinasse's "Life of Voltaire."

The "Bibliography of H. L. Mencken," by Carroll Frey, announced some time ago by the Centaur Book Shop of Philadelphia, has just made its appearance. It is a well printed 12mo of 70 pages with a "Foreword" by Mr. Mencken, and an "Introduction" by the author. The book is divided into books written by Mr. Mencken, in collaboration with others, contributions to books, books edited, pamphlets, Mencken contributions to periodicals, and appreciation and criticism of Mencken. The volume is uniform with those of Hergesheimer, Crane and Cabell, which preceded it.

(Continued from page 334)

realized \$27,800, and with the four preceding Stevenson lots, \$43,300—more than half of what the entire collection was expected to bring.

A group of Keats letters and manuscripts also brought high prices. The original autograph manuscript of seven verses, each of nine lines, 4 pages, quarto, a portion of "The Cap and Bells," brought \$1,550; an original autograph letter in rhyme, 4 pages, quarto, Margate, August, 1816, to his brother George, \$3,000; autograph letter, 4 pages, quarto, Feb. 14, 1819, to George and Georgiana Keats, \$1,275; autograph letter, 1 page, quarto, Jan. 23, 1818, to a Mr. Taylor, \$1,450.

An autograph letter of 3 pages, folio, written by Jonas Michaelius, dated Nieuw Nederlandt, August 8, 1628, believed to be the earliest existing letter or document written in what is now New York, two years after the island was purchased from the Indians, describing the conditions of living, the relations of the colonists with the Indians, and the prospects of the little settlement, sold for \$3,600. Gordon's "History of the Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of

America," 4 vols., 8vo., original calf, London, 1788, Washington's copy with his book-plate in each volume and his signature on each title page, brought \$4,100. General Grant's letter book, March 19 to April 9, 1865, quarto, half roan, containing copies of nineteen letters, including the communications from General Grant to General Lee regarding the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, realized \$2,400.

The book collecting world is anxious to know why this sale was such an extraordinary success. There are a number of reasons: Mr. Arnold was well known among collectors, and his magazine articles and his recent book, "Ventures in Book Collecting," made it possible to have much exact information about his collection before it came into the auction room. The auction catalogue was an exceptionally fine piece of bibliographical work. The date selected for the sale proved to be a happy one, for it caught the buoyant feeling that followed the election, reflected in the rising stock market. And last but not least, the collection was one of great interest and merit. Mr. Arnold had a genius for selection, and this made an irresistible appeal to both collectors and the rare book trade.

SPORTING books and prints, including drawings by Henry Alken and George Cruikshank, part of the collection of the late Oliver H. P. Belmont, were dispersed at the first sale of the season at the American Art Galleries, November 10. The 542 lots, sold in two sessions, brought \$11,565. A few of the more valuable lots were the following: Henri Revière's "La Ceramique dans l'Art d'Extrême-Orient," profusely illustrated, many plates in color, 2 vols., atlas folio, in sheets, Paris, 1923, limited edition, \$160; complete set of eight original sketches in water color and pencil, executed by George Cruikshank, matted and framed, \$165; seven of the original sketches in pencil and sepia, by Cruikshank, for "The Story of Barber Cox, and the Cutting of his Comb," matted and framed, \$200; eleven original sketches in pencil and water colors, entitled "The Court of Queen Anne," by Cruikshank, matted and framed, \$500.

sold at the American Art Galleries. This sale comprises excessively rare sporting books by Alken, Egan, Cruikshank, and others of the period, sumptuously bound volumes by Roger Payne, Bedford, Padeloup, and other master craftsmen, miniature illuminated manuscripts in elaborate bindings, desirable first editions, inscribed copies, and manuscripts and letters of Clemens, Conrad, Dickens, Kipling, Landor, Shelley, Swinburne, Thackeray, Wilde, and many others.

On December 2 English literature, early and modern, duplicates from the library of Henry E. Huntington (Part XIV) will be sold at the Anderson Galleries. These rarities include a copy of the Kilmarnock Burns, 1786, Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, and other items of similar value and scarcity.

On December 4 and 5 the finest productions of the French press, illustrated by the greatest contemporary artists and bound by master craftsmen of France, early English and modern first editions, and many miscellaneous and desirable books, including the later library of A. J. Morin of Chicago, will be sold at the American Art Galleries. The cataloguing has been done with great care and is illustrated with facsimiles and many fine bindings.

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The Phoenix Nest

THIS cold snap has made woodfires comfortable and reminds us that we find ourselves in *Frank Wilstach's* revised "Dictionary of Similes" as author, in the "Addenda," of the simile, "Good as a glass of sherry in front of a wood fire." We don't remember having said that, but it pleases us, though now we prefer hot toddy with the ingredient recommended by the "old, bold mate of Henry Morgan." Sitting and sipping this and recently reading to the Princess a detective story by *Valentine Williams* entitled "The Orange Divan," with the last of the lumber left in our cellar by the carpenters going up in bright flame in the fireplace and the young Arabs snoozing upstairs, we have touched the heights of comfort. But we have thought of new similes for good, "Good as a girl unafraid of her dreams," "good as prune whip," "good as cider," "good as a nap after the alarm-clock runs down," "good as a certified cheque."

"Seventy Years of Life and Labor" is the title of *Samuel Gompers'* forthcoming autobiography. Old Samivel has made many friends and many enemies and his own history writ in a fair round hand by himself should be an interesting document. *Minton, Balch* intend to bring out another kind of puzzle book—speaking of the Cross-Word Puzzle Books we have been inundated with lately—it is not a Cross Word Puzzle Book, say they, but a book entitled "Quotation Puzzles." Seasoned puzzle addicts of many years know these as numerical enigmas. By the way, how about the simile: "Epidemic as a Cross-Word Puzzle?" *Alfred Dunhill* has written "The Pipe Book." He tells the whole history of the tobacco-pipe, and nearly 300 illustrations help him tell it. All you briery bushers had better get hold of it! *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* dropped into the office the other day and seemed to us as pleasant a person to meet as we have met. The Princess thinks her "The Chink in the Armour" her scariest story, but *Mrs. Lowndes* stated that she thought "The Lodger" her best book. Well, we have read it and agree that it is a considerable yarn. *Mrs. Lowndes* loves intelligent crime and lives in a pleasing little house in London in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, with children, a black Pekingese and a small white kitten. Her last book published in America is "The Terrified Mystery."

Now that *Sven Anders Hedin* has attacked *Ferdinand Ossendowski's* veracity, a duel of words between them is soon to take place in Berlin. *Hedin*, due to his travels in Tibet and the trans-Himalaya region, feels that he can prove what he declares are the "fantastic fabrications" of *Ossendowski*. It looks like a crisp winter, and anyone who lives in the real country may profit by the purchase of a pair of skis and *Arnold Lunn's* "Ski-ing for Beginners." *Lunn* is the British authority on the sport as it has been developed in Switzerland. Our idea of the pleasures of ski-ing is pictorially presented herewith. On the first page of this issue of the *S. R. of L.* you will see a poem by *Martha Ostenso*, and in that connection *Thomas Seltzer* is publishing her book of poems, "A Far Land" on December first. Those who know her only as a prize-winning novelist recently featured in the public prints should get to know her verse. *Walter De La Mare* lectured at 11 a. m. on Friday, November 28th at the Town Hall on "The Supernatural in Fiction." This lecture was open

PLEASURES
OF SKI-ING

to the public as well as to all Town Hall members. *Little, Brown & Co.* tell us that they have now found it possible to publish *Ford Madox Ford's* "Joseph Conrad: A Portrait" on December 1st, rather than in January as originally intended. Snappy modern titles to recent fiction—titles that we have found arresting—are "Brownstone Front," "R. F. D. 3," "One Way Street," and "Three Flights Up." The Four Seas Company has got out a series of slang lyrics, a cycle of American Love by *B. Burs*, entitled "Him and Her,"—but Golly Ned, it isn't a patch on *Wallace Irwin's* Classic "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum!" E-e-everybody buy "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad" by *Donald Ogden Stewart!* The funniest book this year!

Wilbur Daniel Steele, who lives out at Wilson's Point, South Norwalk, is a slow worker but a remarkable writer. Look into "Isles of the Blest" and you'll agree as to the latter characterization. *W. E. Woodward*, whose "Lottery" we pronounce an extraordinary piece of work, is sailing with *Mrs. Woodward* for France on December sixth for a stay of several years. Scribner's plan to publish a new *Ring Lardner* book in the Spring and have taken over all his books from former publishers in order to issue them in uniform style. *Maxwell Struthers Burt*, and his wife, *Katharine Newlin Burt*, are in Southern France. There will be a new *Galsworthy* play on the boards in January, "Old English,"—production by *Winthrop Ames*.

Sid Howard called his book of short stories "Three Flights Up," not because there are four stories in the book, but because he lives three flights up in a house on Lexington Avenue. *John A. Oneal* asks us to specify exactly what European Universities are using *Gilbert Seldes's* "The Seven Lively Arts" as a text book. We can't, but we understand there are a number. *Oneal* wishes more college textbooks had the same vivacity. So do we, indeed! And now that's all for this week—yes, really! W. R. B.

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The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



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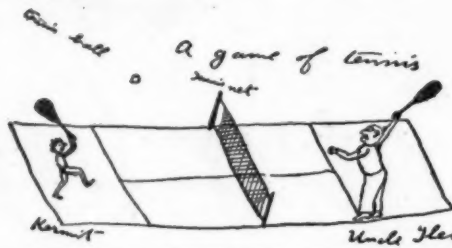
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